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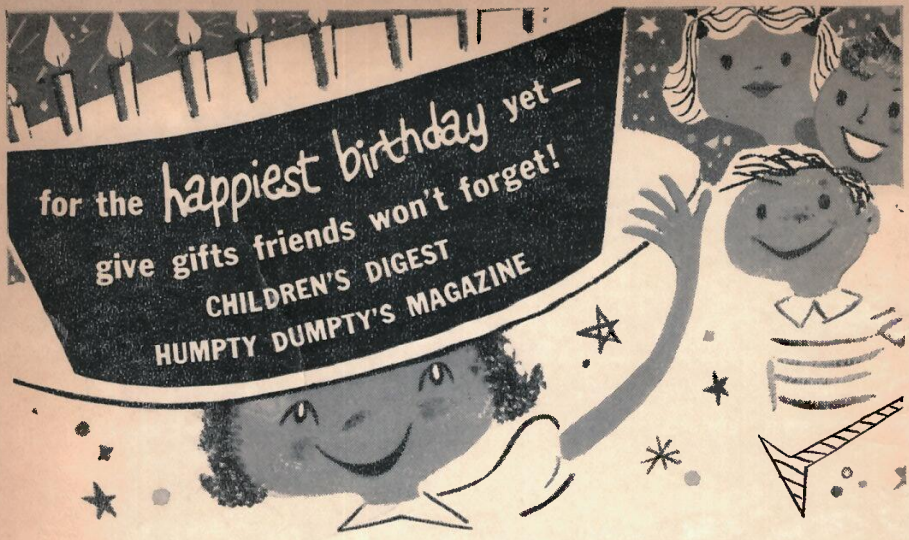

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Children's Digest

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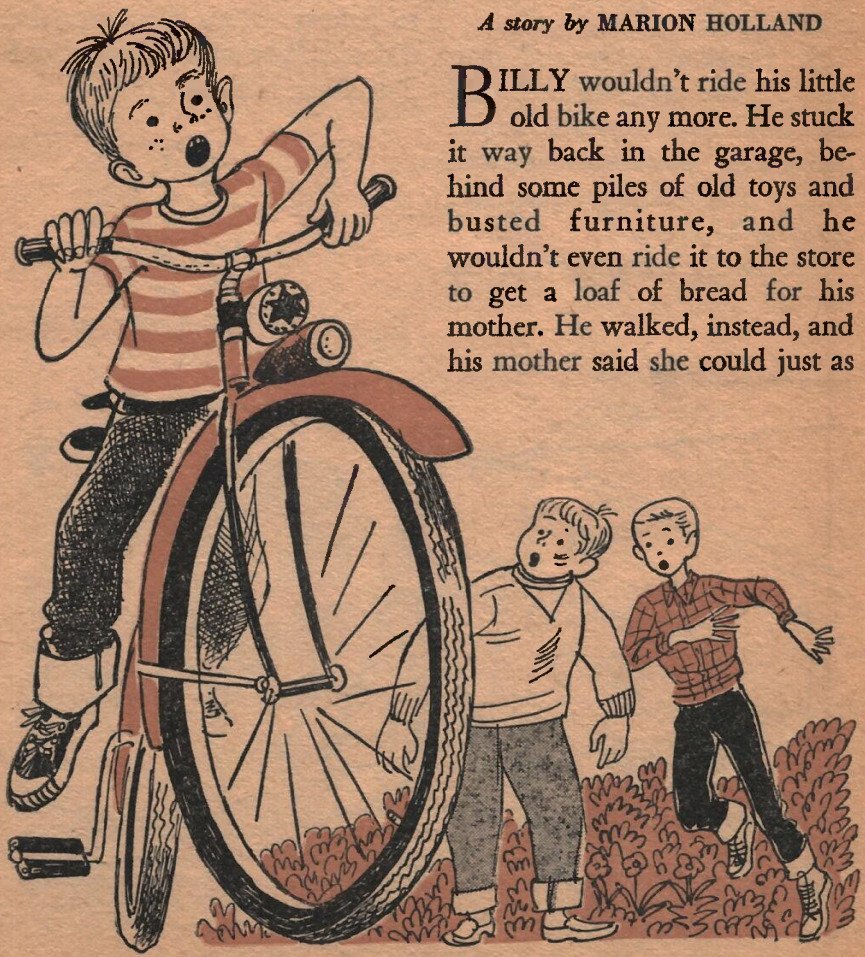
BILLY and the BICYCLE

A story by MARION HOLLAND

BILLY wouldn't ride his little old bike any more. He stuck it way back in the garage, behind some piles of old toys and busted furniture, and he wouldn't even ride it to the store to get a loaf of bread for his mother. He walked, instead, and his mother said she could just as



From "Billy Had A System," ©1949, 1950, 1951, 1952 by Marion Holland, pub. by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

well have baked a loaf in the time it took him.

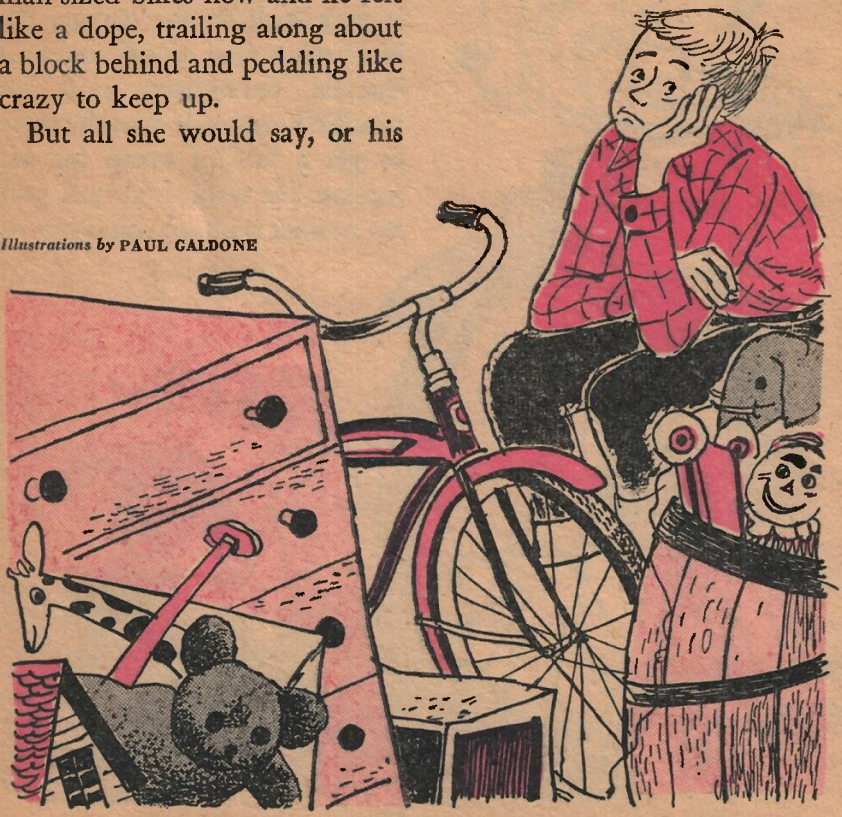
She couldn't seem to get it through her head that he really and truly needed a new bike. "There's nothing the matter with your old one," she kept saying. "There's hardly a dent in it, and it had new tires last year."

He explained over and over that all the other fellows had man-sized bikes now and he felt like a dope, trailing along about a block behind and pedaling like crazy to keep up.

But all she would say, or his father either, was, "Well, we'll see. Maybe for Christmas."

Well, Christmas was a long way off, and besides, December is not a month when you need a bike very badly. When Fats showed up on a big bike, even if it was a girls' model that used to belong to his big sister, he picked a fight with his best friend Fats about something.

Illustrations by PAUL GALDONE



Billy looked mournfully at the old bike. He really needed a new one.

Then he just mooched around the house till it nearly drove his mother crazy.

Finally he got so fed up with himself he even went down the street and played with little Dickie Wallace. Dickie was really too young to be much fun, but he had some very neat things to play with. His grandfather, in New York, was always sending him presents, whether it was Christmas or his birthday or not.

So Dickie had an archery set, with real, steel-tipped arrows, and regular boxing gloves, and the biggest size chemistry set. And boxes and boxes of games that it took more than one person to play. And besides, Dickie couldn't even read the directions on the lids, because the print was too small, and the words were too big.

Dickie's mother was always delighted when Billy came over. She didn't know a thing about archery, or chemistry, or boxing, and she was afraid that some fine day little Dickie was going to kill himself with some of his fancy presents.

"I suppose I really ought to put them away until he gets old enough for them," she told Billy. "But I hate to hurt his grandfather's feelings. And now I can write and tell him how much Dickie is enjoying himself with the things he sends."

Anyway, Billy was enjoying himself. It was a little hard to tell about Dickie, because Dickie never said much of anything.

Billy did his best. He stopped Dickie from pouring all the chemicals together and stirring them with a spoon, and he let Dickie watch while he did real experiments out of the book. He tried to teach Dickie to shoot with the archery set, but the bow was about twice as tall as Dickie was; so, in the end, he just let Dickie run and bring the arrows back out of the target.

AND whenever they put on the boxing gloves, he was very careful never to hit Dickie really hard. But Dickie always swung with everything he had, so that when he missed, which was usually, he knocked himself down. But sometimes Dickie landed, hard, right on Billy's nose, and that was what Dickie seemed to enjoy the most.

One day Mrs. Wallace got a Special Delivery letter from Dickie's grandfather. She was reading it when Billy arrived.

"Oh dear, what next?" she exclaimed. "He says to be expecting something really special — a surprise. And he says he's coming down next week to visit, and he hopes to have the pleasure of watching Dickie enjoy this— whatever it is. Now what in the world can it be this time?"

"Maybe a real gun," said Billy hopefully. "Or anyway, an air rifle."

Mrs. Wallace turned quite pale. "Good heavens," she said, faintly. "Oh, I hope not."

So she was almost relieved when the expressman brought the crate with the bicycle in it. Billy helped uncrate it, and stood it up on the kickstand. It was bright red, and it had everything. Headlight, searchlight, taillight, and a real siren instead of a bell.

"Now this really is too big for Dickie," said his mother, firmly. "This will just have to be stored in the attic until he grows into it."

Dickie was working the siren, and it sounded like about six fire engines. He let out a howl, "No, don't put it away!"

"Now Dickie, be sensible. You could never learn to ride this."

"Yes, I could, too," yelled Dickie.

"Sure he could," said Billy, suddenly. "I'll teach him myself."

Because it just occurred to Billy that, after all, Dickie couldn't spend all his time on his new bike, and maybe he could sort of help Dickie use it. Like the chemistry set and all. But if his mother put it away in the attic, it wouldn't be any good to anybody.

OH, Billy, could you really? That would be wonderful," said Dickie's mother. "Is it terribly hard to learn?"

"Nothing to it," said Billy confidently. "Of course—" He was about to say, of course everybody falls off a few times, learning, but he wasn't sure how Dickie's mother would take that. So he said, "Of course, I'll have to lower the seat and handlebars, first, as far as they'll go. Come on, Dickie, we'll take it up to my house and get a wrench, and then I'll give you a lesson."

"Oh, Billy, that's just wonderful of you," said Dickie's mother.

All the time Billy was lowering the seat and handlebars, Dickie was working the siren. Billy's mother came rushing out to see if the house was on fire.

Sometimes Dickie landed real hard—right on Billy's nose.

When Billy explained he was going to teach Dickie to ride his new bike, his mother said, "Why, Billy, that's very nice of you. That's wonderful."

This made three times in just a few minutes that Billy had been called wonderful, which had never happened to him in his life before. He felt pretty good about it.

"Come on, Dickie," he said, pushing the bike out onto the side lawn. There was a long, gentle slope there, with nice, soft grass to fall on, and only two trees to dodge.

He steadied the bike and boosted Dickie up onto the seat. This was not as simple as it sounds, either, because instead of holding onto the handlebars, Dickie held onto Billy's hair. Finally Billy managed to pry him loose and get him settled. Dickie could reach the pedal that was up, but not the one that was down.

"Never mind," said Billy. "You just catch the other pedal with your foot as it comes up. Understand?"

"No," said Dickie.

"And remember, all you got to do is balance. That's all there is to it. Ready?"

"No," said Dickie.

Billy ran with the bike a few steps, and then let go. It wobbled around in a half circle and ran, bang, into the maple tree. Dickie started yelling even before he hit the tree, and he kept on yelling even after he hit the ground.

Billy picked up the bike first, and then Dickie. "That wasn't so bad," said Billy encouragingly. "You stayed on quite a ways all by yourself."

Dickie finally quit yelling, and Billy got him back on the bike. Then it all happened all over again, except that this time

Dickie hit the apple tree instead of the maple tree, and yelled even louder.

"I wanna go ho-o-me!" bawled Dickie.

"Jeepers, you can't quit now," said Billy. "You're doing fine, honest you are. Why, I bet I fell off a million times learning to ride."

"I dowanna fall off a million times!" roared Dickie.

Billy sat down to figure. "Look," he said finally. "This is a two-man job. I'll get another fellow, and one of us can give you a start, and the other can

The bike ran smack into the tree and Dickie flew off with a loud yell.

catch you before you fall off, OK?"

"No," said Dickie.

"So don't go home. You stay right here, see?"

"No," said Dickie.

"Look, you can play with this till I get back." Billy dragged out a little old steam shovel that he used to play with when he was a kid. "See, you turn the crank, and it scoops up dirt. Then you push the lever, and it dumps out again. See?"

NO," said Dickie, but he started turning the crank and scooping up dirt, so Billy figured it was safe to leave him.

He hopped on Dickie's new bike and raced over to Fats' house. He was a little worried about making up with Fats all of a sudden, but Fats was so overcome by the new bike that he forgot he wasn't speaking to Billy. He promised to come over and help with Dickie, as long as he wasn't doing anything else, any way.

And, as they rode back, Billy was pleased to notice that Fats was having a little trouble keeping up with him, for a change.

"Now look," he said to Dickie, "I'll boost you up, and Fats will stand right here, and catch you when the bike starts to wobble around or fall."

"No," said Dickie, and went right on scooping up dirt and dumping it in a pile.

"Listen here!" shouted Billy. "I promised your mother I was going to teach you to ride this bike, and I'm going to do it, see?"

"Aw, let him alone," advised Fats. "He'll change his mind. That's the same dumb way my kid brothers act. Don't pay any attention to him, and he'll come around and pester the life out of you to teach him."

"Well, all right. But what'll we do while he's changing his mind?"

Fats looked at the shiny new bike.

"We might just ride around the block a couple of times," he suggested. "We might take turns, huh?"

So they rode around the block a couple of times, and when they got back, Dickie was still scooping and dumping. "No," he said, before Billy could even open his mouth to say a word.

This went on for the rest of the afternoon, and then Billy and Fats took Dickie and

the new bike home. Dickie wanted to take the steam shovel along, too, but Billy said no, he could play with it when he came for his lesson tomorrow.

Well, all the next day, they waited for Dickie to change his mind. The only difference was that while they were waiting, Billy and Fats rode around three blocks, then four, then six; and Dickie had a hole about two feet deep behind the garage, and a pile of dirt about two feet high.

The day after that, Dickie got bored with scooping and dumping, so Billy found him an old rusty dump truck, and he started loading up the dirt and dumping it back in the hole. Which was probably a good thing, because Billy's father hadn't noticed the hole yet, and Billy was beginning to wonder what he would say when he did.

THE next day, the hole was all filled in, and Billy was getting desperate.

"Now look here," he said to Fats. "His grandfather is probably coming tomorrow, and I promised his mother I'd teach him to ride by then. We've got to give him another lesson if it kills him."

"No," said Dickie. "No. No."

And even with both of them shoving and boosting they couldn't get him up on the bike. Finally Billy gave up. "He'll never learn," he said in disgust. "He's too little."

"Too dumb, you mean," said Fats.

"I am not too dumb, either," yelled Dickie.

"We better get one more good ride," said Fats thoughtfully, "before his mother puts that bike away for keeps."

That was the way Billy felt about it, too. "You can stay here and play," he said to Dickie; and then he and Fats took one last long ride. In fact, they rode all afternoon. Then they went back and got Dickie and took him home.

Dickie's mother was waiting for them on the porch. And a tall old man with white hair was waiting with her. "Oh, here they are, now!" she exclaimed. "These are the kind boys who have been teaching Dickie to ride his bicycle. Boys, this is Dickie's grandfather."

Well, there was nothing for it but to walk up and shake hands with old Mr. Wallace. He boomed, "Splendid, splendid!

Now then, Richard, my man, up with you. Let me see what you can do."

"Well, it's like this," began Billy hastily, "he's pretty little and it's pretty big . . ."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" barked Dickie's grandfather. "Never too young to learn. Learned myself when I was his age. No brakes on them, either, in those days." He fixed a stern eye on little Dickie, who walked meekly over to the bike.

Billy boosted him up and shoved off, and Fats got all set to catch him. But somehow Dickie swerved past Fats, zigzagged all the way across the lawn, and fell off in a flower bed in a tangle of legs and wheels and marigolds.

His mother ran and picked him up. "Don't you ever get up on that thing again!" she cried. "Tell mother, darling, where does it hurt?"

"That's no way to treat a piece of machinery!" roared his grandfather. "Can't you boys teach him to dismount properly?"

"Gosh, sir, we did the best we could," protested Billy. "He's just too little . . ."

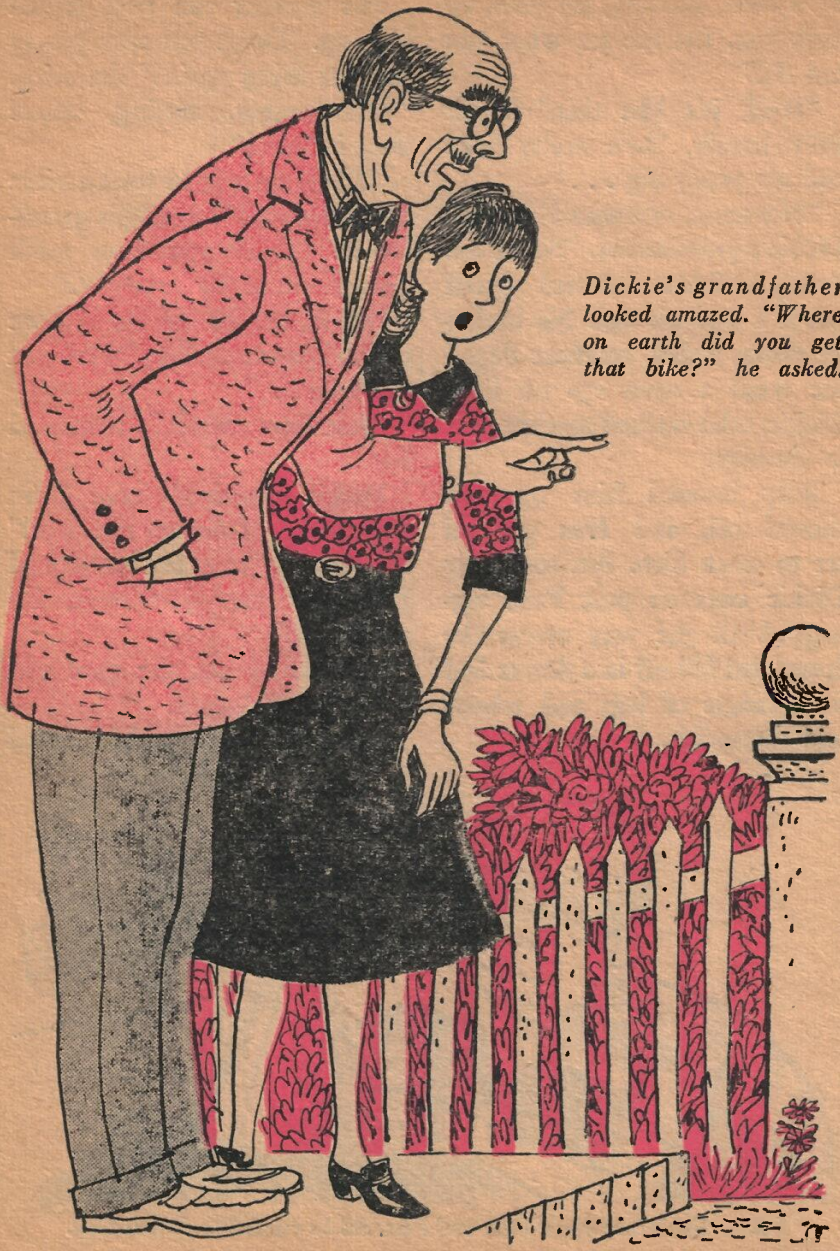
"Just too dumb," mumbled Fats.

Dickie squirmed loose from his mother. "I am not too little!" he shouted. "I am not too dumb! I'll show you—just wait, I'll show you!"

He darted out the gate and raced up the street.

"Dickie, come back!" called

Dickie didn't care about Billy and Fats. All he wanted to do was play.



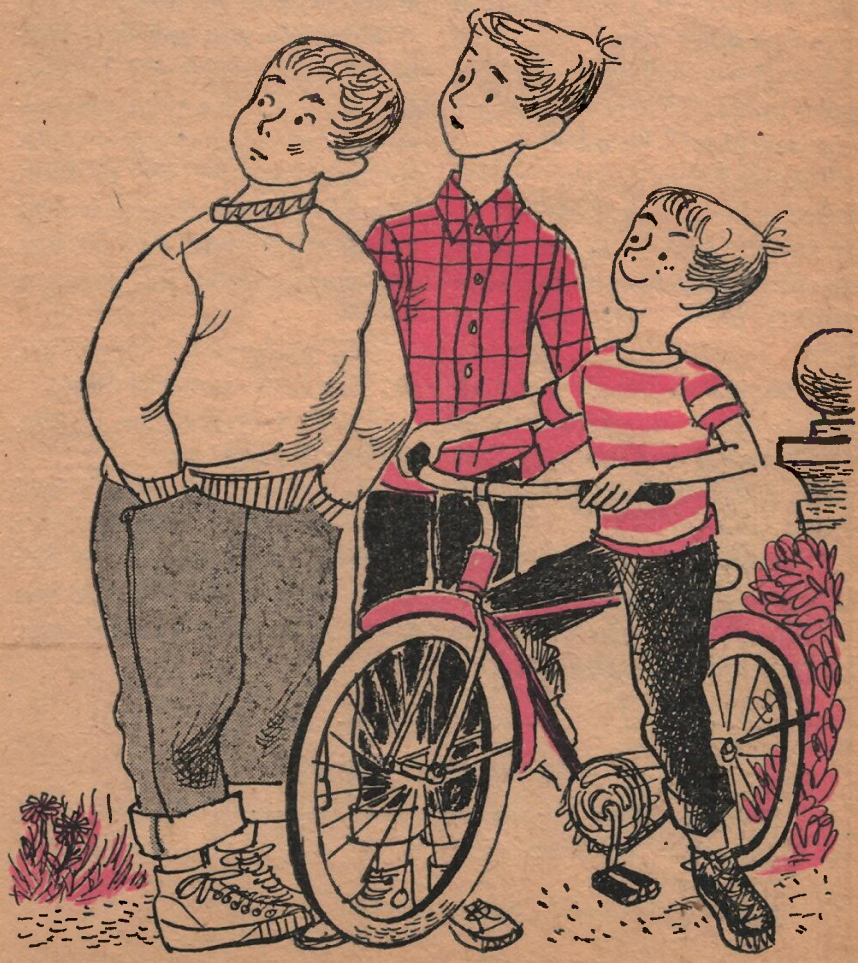
Dickie's grandfather looked amazed. "Where on earth did you get that bike?" he asked.

his mother. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid he's delirious! He must have fallen on his head."

"What is going on here?" demanded Dickie's grandfather. "Will someone kindly tell me what is going on here?"

Billy stood the bike upright. "Well, I guess we better be going," he said politely. He and Fats got as far as the gate, and stopped.

Little Dickie was riding down the street on a bicycle—a little old bicycle. Billy's little old bicycle. He rode in through the



gate, put on the brake, and wavered to a stop. He got one foot on the ground just in time to keep from falling off.

SEE?" he said loudly. "I can, too, ride a bike. I can ride this bike. I practiced all by myself all afternoon. I don't want to ride that other bike."

Everybody looked at Dickie's grandfather. "Where did you get that machine?" he asked.

"Out of Billy's garage," replied little Dickie. "Look, I can get on by myself. And I can get off by myself. I don't have to fall off a million times." He glared at Billy.

"Hm, so I see," said his grandfather. "That does seem to fit you better. I had no idea they came in other sizes. Never did, in my day."

"Tomorrow," went on Dickie, "I'm going to practice no hands."

"Well, it's very nice of Billy to let you ride it," said Dickie's mother. "But we can't very well ask Billy to give up his bicycle."

Dickie opened his mouth wide, but before he could start howling, Billy said hastily, "Oh, that's all right. He can ride it."

"Oh, good!" cried Dickie's mother. "Then I can put this one safely away in the attic."

"Certainly not, my dear, certainly not," exclaimed Dickie's grandfather. "We can't take advantage of this boy's generosity. Young man," he said to Billy, "would you be willing to use my grandson's bicycle, and let him use yours, until he grows a little?"

"Oh, gosh, sir—I mean, yes, sir. You bet!" stuttered Billy.

"That's very generous of you, my boy. I thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Billy modestly. "Anyway, he's growing pretty fast. I bet he's grows into his own before you know it. Probably by Christmas, anyway."

THE PERFECT ANSWER

Teacher: Now, Jimmy, see if you can answer this one. If you added three eggs and four potatoes, what would you have?

Jimmy: (brightly): Potato salad!

James Hanlon, Faribault, Minnesota

How did we get our ALPHABET?

THE Phoenicians, an ancient people living on the coast of Syria, were the first to devise a practical alphabet. They took the simplest signs from an earlier system of picture-writing and used them to represent the sounds of the human voice.

They taught this new way of writing to the Greeks, who changed it somewhat and added signs for the vowel sounds which the Phoenicians had not used. The name of the first Greek letter is *alpha* and the second *beta*. So it's easy to see where the word "alphabet" comes from.

The Romans took over the Greek alphabet, making many changes in the written letters. This new Latin alphabet soon spread throughout Europe. Today we use the very same alphabet, as do many other people of Europe and the Americas. Some languages, however, like Russian, Gaelic and Greek do not use the Latin alphabet. Modern Greek still uses the old Greek letters, with very minor changes.

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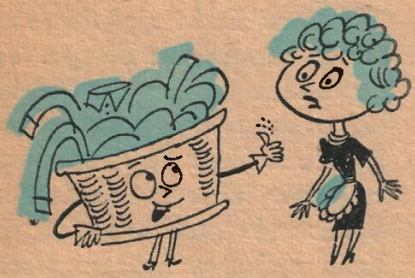
Riddles

1. What is the Mexican weather report?

2. If a dog loses his tail, where can he go for another one?

3. What goes upstairs on their heads?



4. What did the basket of wet clothes say to the housewife?

5. What do you throw out when you need it and take in when you don't?

6. Why does the little boy always stand on a ladder when he sings a song?

7. What did one fish say to the other fish?

8. Why does the little boy keep a bicycle in his bedroom?

9. A nickel and a dime were rolling across a bridge. The nickle fell off. Why didn't the dime?

10. What did the little boy say when his dog fell off a chair?

11. What is most satisfactory when it is used up?

12. What should you call a dressmaker when you don't know her name?

13. Where do you pay dollars for quarters?

14. What kind of jam do grownups get in?

15. What song does the teakettle sing?

16. What garment did the burglar give his wife for her birthday?

17. Why is it dangerous to walk in the country in the springtime?

18. Why is a hound like a man combing his hair over a bald spot?

19. Why is snow different from Sunday?

20. To what question may you never answer "Yes?"

21. What goes through a door but never comes in or goes out?

22. Why are candles tempermental?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

1. Chili today and hot tamale. 2. To a retail store. 3. The nails in your shoe. 4. "Meet me at the clotheslines. That's where I hang out." 5. An anchor. 6. So he can reach the high notes. 7. "Keep your mouth shut and you won't get caught." 8. He's tired of walking in his sleep. 9. The dime had more cents. 10. "Doggone!" 11. An umbrella. 12. Mrs. Sew and Sew. 13. At a hotel. 14. A traffic jam. 15. "Home On the Range." 16. A stole. 17. Because the grass is full of blades, the trees are shooting and every flower has a pistil. 18. He makes a little hare go a long way. 19. Because it can fall on any day of the week. 20. "Are you asleep?" 21. A keyhole. 22. They are easily put out and often flare up.

What was Trojan's awful secret? Only the royal barbers knew — and dead men tell no tales!

A story by ANDREW LANG

THE EMPEROR'S EARS

ONCE upon a time there lived an emperor whose name was Trojan, and he had ears like a goat. Filled with shame over this misfortune, the sensitive monarch wore a huge crown which covered his ears and hid them from view. Thus it was that none of his subjects knew anything about the emperor's unusual ears. It was a well-kept secret that was shared by only one other person—the emperor's barber; for, in order to be properly attended, his royal majesty had to remove the crown and let the barber see his ears. Every morning, therefore, when he was shaved, he asked if the man saw anything odd about him, and as each fresh barber always replied that the emperor had goat's ears, he was at once ordered to execution.

From "Violet Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang, © 1901, 1947 by Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

The barber pretended not to notice the emperor's strange head.

Now after this state of things had lasted a good while, there was hardly a barber left in the town who could shave the emperor, and it came to be the turn of the Master of the Company of Barbers to go up to the palace. But, unluckily, at the very moment that he should have set out, the master fell suddenly ill and told one of his apprentices that he must go in his stead.

When the youth was taken to the emperor's bedroom, he was asked why he had come and not his master. The young man replied that the master was ill and there was no one but himself who could be trusted with the honor. The emperor was satisfied with the answer, sat down, and let a sheet of linen be put around him.

DIRECTLY the young barber began his work he, like the rest, saw the goat's ears of the emperor, but when he had finished and the emperor asked his usual question as to whether the youth had noticed anything odd about him, the young man replied calmly, "No, nothing at all."

This pleased the emperor so much that he gave him twelve ducats, and said, "Henceforth, come every day to shave me."

When the apprentice returned home, and the master inquired how he had got on with the emperor, the young man answered, "Oh, very well, and he says I am to shave him every day, and he has given me these twelve ducats." But he said nothing at all to anybody about the goat's ears of the emperor.

From this time the apprentice went regularly to the palace, receiving each morning twelve ducats in payment. But after a while his secret, which he had carefully kept, burnt within him and he longed to tell it to somebody. His master saw there was something on his mind and asked what it was. The youth replied that he had been tormenting himself for some months and should never feel easy until someone shared his secret.

"Well, trust me," said the master, "I will keep it to myself, or if you do not like to do that, confess it to your pastor or go into some field outside the town, dig a hole and, after you have dug it, kneel down and whisper your secret three times into the hole. Then put back the earth and come away."

The apprentice thought this last seemed the best plan, and

that very afternoon went to a meadow outside the town and dug a deep hole. Then he knelt and whispered in the hole, three times over, "The Emperor Trojan has goat's ears." And as he said so a great burden seemed to roll off him and he shoveled the earth carefully back and ran lightly home, his mind set at rest.

Weeks passed away and there sprang up in the hole an elder tree which had three stems, all straight as poplars. Some shepherds, tending their flocks near by, noticed the tree growing there, and one of them cut off a stem to make himself a flute. But, directly he began to play, the flute would do nothing but sing,

Illustrations by ALLEN PATTERSON

"Just as I told you, your majesty," said the boy. "This is the very tree."

"The Emperor Trojan has goat's ears."

Of course, it was not long before the whole town knew of this wonderful flute and what it said. At last, the news reached the emperor in his palace. He instantly sent for the apprentice and said to him:

"What have you been saying about me to all my people?"

The culprit tried to defend himself by saying that he never told anyone what he had noticed, but the emperor, instead of listening only drew his sword from its sheath. The poor barber was so frightened that he confessed exactly what he had done and how he had whispered the truth three times to the earth and how in that very place an elder tree had sprung up and flutes had been cut from it, which would only repeat the words he had said.

Then the emperor commanded his coach to be made ready and he took the youth with him. They drove to the spot, for he wished to see for himself whether the young man's confession was true. But when they reached the place only one stem was left. So the emperor desired his attendants to cut him a flute from the remaining stem and, when it was ready, he ordered his chamberlain to play on it.

But no tune could the chamberlain play, though he was the best flute player about the court — nothing came but the words, "The Emperor Trojan has goat's ears." Then the emperor knew that even the earth gave up its secrets and he granted the young man his life, but he never allowed him to be his barber any more.

BRAIN TEASERS

The Four-Letter State

Ohio is a state that has three vowels in its name. Can you think of another four-letter state that also has three vowels?

A Dirty Question

How much dirt is there in a ditch that is ten feet long, two feet wide, and four feet deep?

Answers on page 130

SEND A CRAZY LETTER

IT'S always fun to get a letter that's a bit "different." So how about sending a "crazy letter" to a friend. Here are some suggestions you might try:

1. Write several pages but mail each page in a separate envelope!

2. Cut the letter into funny-shaped pieces so it will have to be put together, piece by piece, like a jig-saw puzzle!

3. Put a message under the stamp with instructions in the letter about soaking off the stamp!

4. Write in a large circle that goes all the way around the page, then spirals in toward the center until the entire page is filled!

5. Take two pencils and hold together as though they were one pencil. Your writing will come out in double lines!

6. Write with a new pen dipped in lemon juice. Tell your friend to heat the letter by holding it close to a light bulb. The heat will bring out the secret ink!

7. Put a piece of carbon paper on the table, carbon side up, and cover it with two sheets of blank paper. Write on the top sheet, then throw it away. The other sheet will now have reversed writing on it that can be read by your friend only if he holds the sheet in front of a mirror!

BUTCH AND BUTTERCUP
in "THREE'S A CROWD"
I SURE HATE THIS SUBWAY JOB, BUTTERCUP! THE CROWDS ARE DRIVIN' ME NUTS!
DUH...I DON'T MIND THE CROWDS, BUTCH! IT'S ALL THE PEOPLE AROUND THAT BOTHERS ME!
OKAY! STEP LIVELY!
DUH... IN YA GO, FOLKS!
THERE!
HEY!.. WHAT HAPPENED TO BUTCH?
I'M HERE, MORON! YA PUSHED ME IN!
DUH...IT'S TOO EARLY TO GO HOME, BUTCH! BESIDES YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRAIN!

From "Supermouse," No. 15, copyright 1951 by Animated Cartoons, Inc.

STOP FLAPPING YOUR JAW AND GO PULL THE EMERGENCY SWITCH!
AW RIGHT! YOU WAIT, THERE!
EMERGENCY DOOR OPENER
THAT SETTLES IT! I CAN'T STAND THESE MOBS ANOTHER SECOND!
GO TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY AND SIGN US UP FOR A NEW JOB, BUTTERCUP! SOMETHING QUIET!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER . . .
ALL SET, BUTCH! LET'S GO!
ATTABOY! WHAT'S THE NEW RACKET?
WE'RE GONNA BE USHERS AT THE BALL PARK!
OMIGOSH! THAT'S WORSE THAN THE SUBWAY!

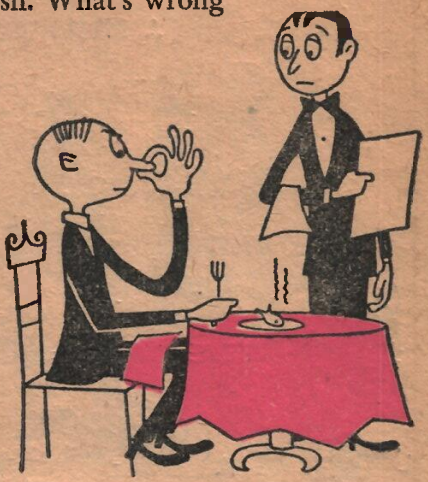
MORON! IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOB AWAY FROM CROWDS?
MAYBE THEY'LL PUT US OUT IN THE BULL PEN!
EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE
REPORT TO GATE NO. 5! THE GAME STARTS IN FORTY MINUTES!
YESSIR... DARN THE LUCK!
DUH... PRETTY QUIET SO FAR, HUH, BUTCH?
YEAH! MAYBE WE'LL MISS THE CROWDS AFTER ALL! THIS IS BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
TO THE BLEACHERS
OPEN THE GATES, CHARLIE!
SAVE A SEAT FOR ME, JOE!
YEEOW!
LET'S GO!
WA-HOO!
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND ARRANGE THINGS MYSELF!
WE WANT WORK THAT'LL KEEP US MILES AWAY FROM ANY LIVING CREATURE!
HMMM... HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO BE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPERS?

LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS! PERFECT!
THERE'S OUR NEW HOME, BUTTERCUP! WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CROWDS ANY MORE!
I G-GUESS NOT!
SOLITUDE, SWEET SOLITUDE!
DUH... YEAH... AND IT'S PRIVATE, TOO!
THAT NIGHT...
THIS IS ALL RIGHT! SAY, WHAT TIME DID YOU LIGHT THE BEACON UPSTAIRS?
DUH... I DIDN'T!
YOU DIDN'T?
NO, I FIGURED NOBODY WOULD BE OUT ON A NASTY NIGHT LIKE THIS!
OMIGOSH! I'D BETTER TURN THE LIGHT ON BEFORE SOME SHIP OUT THERE GETS INTO TROUBLE!
...TOO LATE!...

YOU IDIOT! WHY ISN'T YOUR BEACON LIT? MY SHIP'S AGROUND ON THE ROCKS!
I'M S-SORRY, CAP! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT MY PASSENGERS UP FOR THE NIGHT, UNTIL WE CAN FIND OUT HOW MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE!
Y-YOUR PASSENGERS? IN HERE?
I'M HUNGRY!
WHERE'S THE STEWARD?
I HOPE THE BEDS ARE COMFORTABLE!
CROWDS! CROWDS! CROWDS!
C'MON, BUTTERCUP! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT!
RRRRRR!!
DUH... THE MOON SURE IS DESERTED-LOOKING, HUH, BUTCH?
YEAH! AIN'T IT LOVELY?

LET'S LAUGH!

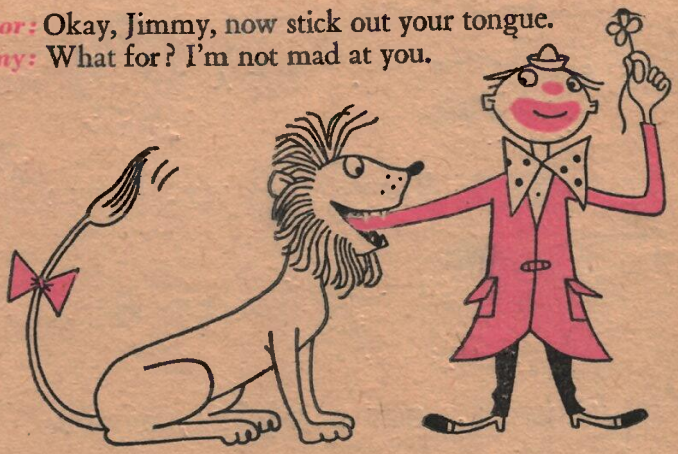
Waiter: You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?
Diner: Long time no sea.



Junior: They toasted the President at a banquet last night.
Mother: Did he get badly burned?

George: Can you keep a secret?
Gerry: I'll be as silent as a tomb.
George: Well, the fact is, I need some money badly.
Gerry: Don't worry. I'll pretend I never heard you.

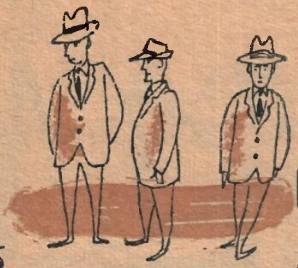
Doctor: Okay, Jimmy, now stick out your tongue.
Jimmy: What for? I'm not mad at you.



Clown: There's an applicant here who says he used to make his living by sticking his right arm into a lion's mouth.
Circus Boss: Interesting. What's his name?
Clown: *Lefty!*

MARCH MENAGERIE

A PICTURE-WORD STORY



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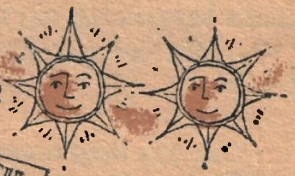

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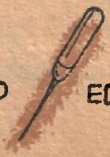

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story by
Bill Lewis

Pirates and Pirate Treasure

The rich lure of gold drew them — some to fortune, some to death

By THOMAS PENFIELD

AS long as there have been ships, there have been pirates, but the real growth of piracy occurred in the sixteenth century when it was actually encouraged by some nations, although dimly disguised as a war measure.

Suppose you were the owner of a small ship back in the 1700's and you sailed the seas under the flag of England. You roamed

From "Lost Treasure Trails," © 1954 by Thomas Penfield, pub. by Grosset & Dunlap.

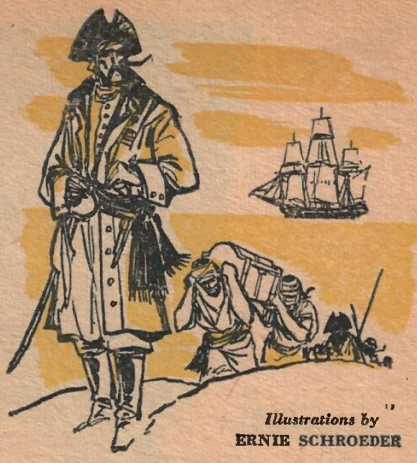
from port to port, picking up whatever cargo was available. Your risk was great and your return was small.

Your country went to war, we will say, with Spain. You were told that you could use your ship to attack any vessel flying the flag of Spain. You could seize its cargo, keep a reasonable share for yourself, and turn the remainder over to the Crown. As a protection you would be given an official-looking document called a "letter of marque." This was your license, or commission, to attack the ships of certain nations. It was all very legal.

This was an attractive offer and you, like many others, accepted it. Because you sailed in a privately owned vessel, you became known as a "privateer."

You armed your ship as best you could and hired a crew of rough, adventure-seeking men. You promised each a share of your loot. One day your ship was outfitted and you set sail in the shipping lanes from South America to Spain. You knew it was here that the rich Spain-bound galleons would be found.

Day after day, week after week, your little vessel plowed along, pitching and rolling in the boiling seas, all hands anxiously searching the horizon for a Spanish sail. One day you spotted your prey—a lone galleon strayed far from its course. Your ship was the faster and you finally overtook the treasure ship. You called your crew to battle stations.



Illustrations by ERNIE SCHROEDER

Trusted men carried the gold ashore.

YOUR signal to surrender was answered with a salvo from the galleon's gun decks. You replied immediately, and the battle was on. Shot whistled through your rigging, but your crew was well trained, calm, and accurate.

Soon your faster vessel was in a position to fire a broadside. The treasure ship shook from stem to stern. Masts and sails crashed at the feet of the bewildered Span-

iards. You came in closer and riddled the stricken vessel with a hail of musket fire.

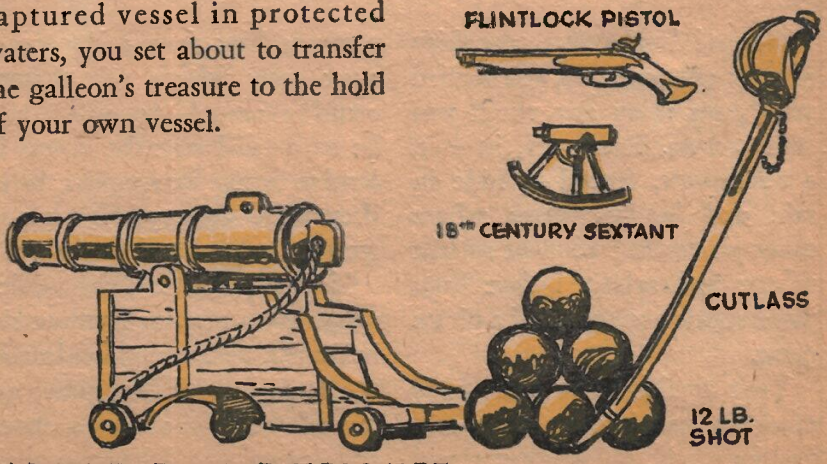
You pressed the fight, moved in closer, and prepared to board the galleon for the finishing hand-to-hand fight. It was not necessary. The Spanish master signaled surrender, and a shout of victory went up from your crew.

Your men boarded the galleon and placed its crew in irons. A quick survey showed that the vessel was undamaged below the water line. All hands worked feverishly to put the ship in sailing condition. When this was completed, you headed with your captured prize for an isolated cove on a lonely shore.

Safely anchored alongside the captured vessel in protected waters, you set about to transfer the galleon's treasure to the hold of your own vessel.

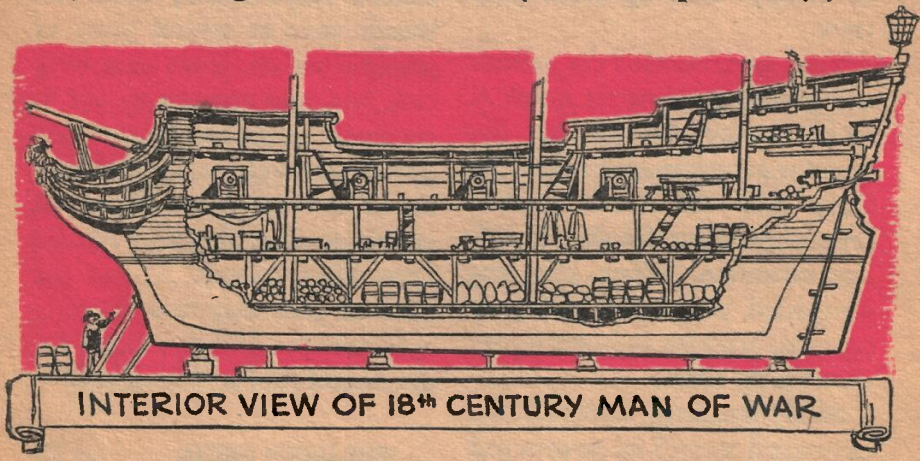
There were boxes of silver bars from Peru and gold from Mexico, sacks of gold and silver ornaments, jewelry and precious stones, casks of coins, each carefully stamped with the royal symbol of the Spanish crown.

You estimated your share of the prize and found that you had cleared more money than you would have in several years of peaceful sailing. Your men were rich, too, and anxious to put to sea again. In the months that followed you were lucky and captured several more disabled vessels or ships that had strayed from their convoy. At last the hold of your ship was bursting with treasure and you sailed for the distant shores of England.



A TWELVE-POUNDER CARRONADE

You kept only the share of treasure allowed you in your "letter of marque," but one day a rival captain—a privateer like yourself—accused you of keeping part of the King's share. You could not clear yourself and your license was revoked. Soon you were declared a pirate. It was the gallows if you were caught.



INTERIOR VIEW OF 18th CENTURY MAN OF WAR

Hunted down now by the ships of your own country, you turned your guns upon any vessel you came across. You were, in fact, a real pirate, forced to hide in safe and lonely waters where other pirates like yourself sought refuge and safety. Before long you became a member of a pirate gang.

Your wealth became the envy of every man in your crew, and you had to be on constant guard to protect your treasure as well as your life. You were forced to rule with the cutlass and pistol for you were dealing with dangerous men.

As your wealth increased and filled the hold of your ship, you were forced to dispose of it. You sailed into a lonely inlet and carefully selected a spot to bury your treasure. You chose a few among your crew whom you thought could be trusted—you never could be sure—and sent the others inland to forage for supplies. When they were gone you took your treasure ashore and buried it.

If time permitted, you made a rough map of your treasure site, indicating permanent landmarks, the latitude and longitude, and any other information that would enable you to find the place again.

YOUR treasure might be there when you returned, or it might not be. And perhaps you would never return—for yours was a dangerous life.

Some of your fellow pirates would alter the treasure-burying routine by killing all members of the crew who actually knew the burial place of the treasure. Their bodies would be dumped into the pit on top of the treasure. Pirates believed that anyone who might be digging for the treasure would be frightened away by the skeletons.

Another favorite trick used by pirates to conceal their secret was to maroon on a lonely island all the men who knew the treasure site. Here they would be left to any fate that overtook them—probably starvation.

This was the manner in which many pirates got their start—from honest seamen, to privateers, to piracy. By 1800 there were perhaps as many as two thousand pirates sailing the seven seas, burying their treasure in lonely spots all over the world. Captain Kidd, the famous pirate whose treasure is still sought in many places along the east coast of the United States, started his piratical career in exactly this manner. He ended it when he was captured in Boston and taken to England, where he was tried and hanged for his crimes.

The pirate chief rewarded each man with a share of the rich spoils.

Pirates naturally banded together for mutual protection and congregated in areas where the greatest number of prizes were available. The Caribbean Sea was a rich hunting ground because of the great numbers of treasure-laden galleons sailing its waters. It became known to the pirates as the Spanish Main. To these turbulent waters came buccaneer craft from all the far-flung ports of the world. Soon it became a place where vessels sailed at their own peril — ever on the alert for attack.

So many pirates gathered in the islands of the West Indies that an organization was formed to control and regulate their activities and to make laws. These laws were unique in some respects. First, they established the exact share each crew member was to receive from a captured prize. In case of an accident or injury in battle, the captain of the pirate vessel was compelled to pay the wounded man until he was able to work again. If an eye or a limb was lost, the injured man was paid a cash settlement!

At least one British governor in the West Indies actually protected the pirates in exchange for a share of their loot. Eventually the situation became so bad that the English dispatched a fleet to chase the pirates out of the Caribbean Sea.

The Caribbean pirates roamed far and wide, touching on many lonely shores, but the shores of Florida and the Gulf Coast were favorite haunts. Who knows how many buried treasures are there?

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

Rain Keeps The Earth Dry?

It is the rain-process that takes the moisture out of the air and gathers it into concentrated rain-clouds. Were it not for this process, the moisture would concentrate on every solid part of the earth's surface. Life would then resemble the inside of a steam laundry and all of us would go around covered with a film of perspiration.

From "This Amazing World," © 1955 by Hart Book Co., Inc.

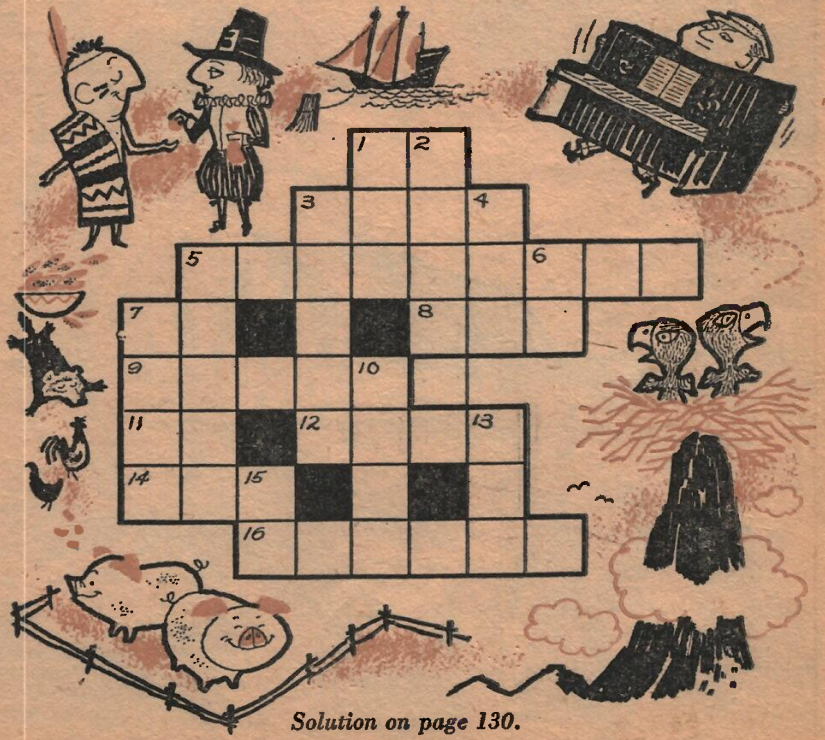
What's the good WORD?

ACROSS

1. Therefore
3. Exchange of goods for money
5. Yellow spring flower
7. Myself
8. Not on
9. Month of spring showers
11. Toward
12. Heavy burden
14. Pig pen
16. Young eagle

DOWN

1. Sorrowful
2. Substitute for butter
3. Slow-moving shell animal
4. Fairy
5. Railroad station
6. Whether; in case
7. Small woven floor coverings
10. Great length
13. Female deer
15. Old form of *you*



Solution on page 130.

From "Fifty Super Crossword Puzzles," © 1951 by Hart Publishing Co.

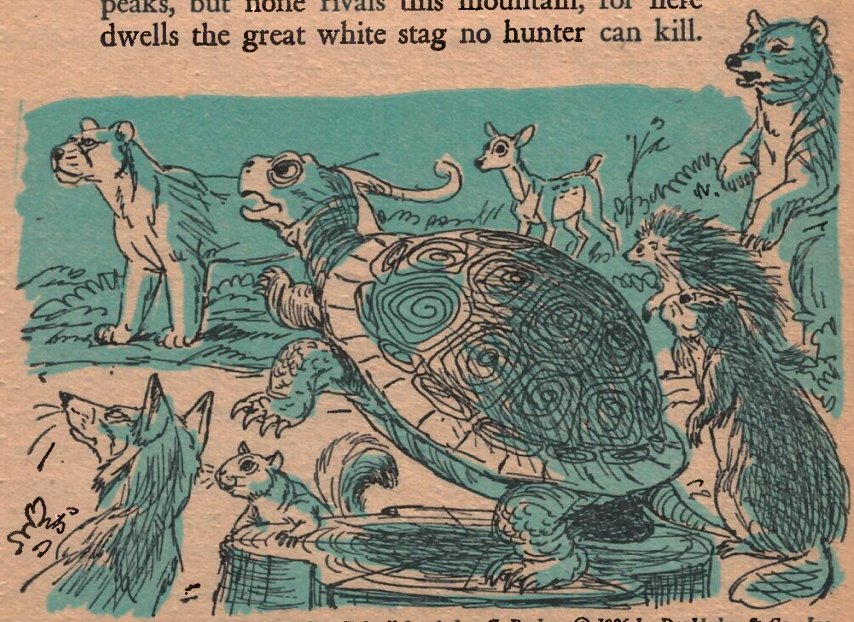
Pinned in the stag's antlers was the squirming, howling body of Wolf.

Wolf thought his treachery would make him king, but the law of the forest deals its own justice

THE Ghost OF THE Great White Stag

A story by ARTHUR C. PARKER

THERE is a mighty mountain of the northlands. It rises from the placid waters of a beautiful lake and its summit catches the glint of the sun. On all sides but one are other towering peaks, but none rivals this mountain, for here dwells the great white stag no hunter can kill.



From "Skundy Wundy and Other Indian Tales," by Arthur C. Parker, © 1926 by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Illustrations by CIG COODENOW

It took but a snap of Wolf's sharp teeth to release the pouch.

In the valley of the lake there is another glimmering lakelet and beyond a wooded slope where the forest-folk have their council grounds. It is a far-off retreat, but a safe one, and here all the fur-folk meet as friends.

In those dim days, Turtle was chief, and it was he who called the fur-folk and the feather-folk together. Turtle was chief because his shell was thick and he could draw in his head. A leader should be like that, oh, nephew. A thick skin, ears that do not hear and a mouth that is shut in a shell are things that every chief needs. But Wolf was envious, and he would be chief. So now comes the story, —jah-goh.

The call had gone forth, and from far and wide the animals came to the council. Something had happened. What could it be?

All through the woodland there was motion—the deer were coming. All through the brush-land there was a swaying—the mink and the beaver, the musk-rats and the raccoons were coming. All through the swampland there was a rustling—the beaver and the otter were coming. All through the waterways there was a splashing—the turtles and the lizards were coming. Above in

the air were countless birds and above them urging them on, was Sah-dah-gey-ah, the Great Blue Eagle, chief of all the feather-folk. All creatures had answered the call of Turtle.

Through the tangles slunk Timber Wolf, the envious one. Very sly was he, for he had a reason for keeping out of sight. His plan was a deep one, and if he could but succeed, he would be chief.

It is known to all, oh, nephew, that in the beginning of things, every animal and every bird had a magic pouch in which to keep its magical charms that gave power. This pouch every creature wore on its neck. While it possessed this it had power over other beasts and could not be injured. Now it was the custom for the animals in coming to the council to place their magic pouches in a great bark dish which Turtle kept by the council-fire. This meant that they had come for a council of peace and sat as equals.

TIMBER Wolf knew all this, and it was his plan to steal the basket of power and run with it to a secret cave where it might be hidden. This would weaken all the animals and they would have to look to him for favor. Oh, how they would beg to get even a little of that power back! Timber Wolf licked his chops at the thought of how he would make his brother beasts obey. The cowering things — more than one would slide down his throat before he got through!

Then Timber Wolf grew eager, and when night fell in the forest, he slunk about looking for sleepers that he might begin to steal their secret power even before the council was called.

He skulked around until he found an Old Bear. Here was luck, indeed, for Old Bear was on his back, his paws over his eyes, and his pouch of secret power bulging from his neck. It took but a snap of Timber Wolf's sharp teeth to sever the thong that bound the pouch to the Bear —just a snap. Timber Wolf gave a slight growl of satisfaction and bounded away to hide the magic in his own pouch. Bear was now in his power! The beginning was good.

Morning came and all the animals and birds started on their journey again—all save Old Bear who slept too long and arose weak and dazed. He did not know what had happened to him,

but he knew that he felt sick. He shook himself and tried to amble along, but reeled from side to side. Still he made up his mind to keep on and never turn back, for Turtle had called a council and Turtle was chief. This being so, Bear would obey!

At length the great day came and Turtle saw around him a great host of tribesmen. Each sought his own group, its own corner or its own side of the fire. Turtle stood upon a stump and looked over the throng.

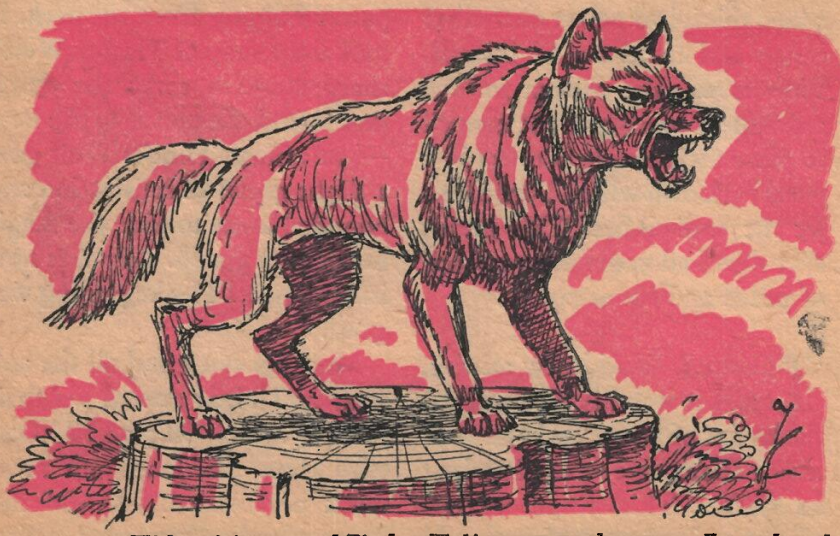
"Are all here?" he shouted.

A great shout went up, "We're here!"

"I do not hear the voice of Bear," called out Turtle. "Who has seen Bear? Perhaps, like White Stag, some traitor has slain him." No one answered, but all remembered the tragedy of White Stag. "Those who fail shall be without the new power," said Turtle. "Oh, all ye who are friends, place your magic power pouches in the great basket of friendship. Sit here as equals."

One by one the beasts and birds put their pouches into the basket. Even Timber Wolf put in a pouch, but kept one slyly hidden. It was his own, so that he could betray Turtle when the moment came.

Turtle surveyed the basket and



With a vicious growl Timber Wolf sprang to the stump. Fangs bared,

spoke again. "I see the pouch of Bear but not of Timber Wolf," said Turtle. "Nevertheless, I see Timber Wolf here and do not see Bear. It appears that mischief has come upon us." You see, Turtle was very wise.

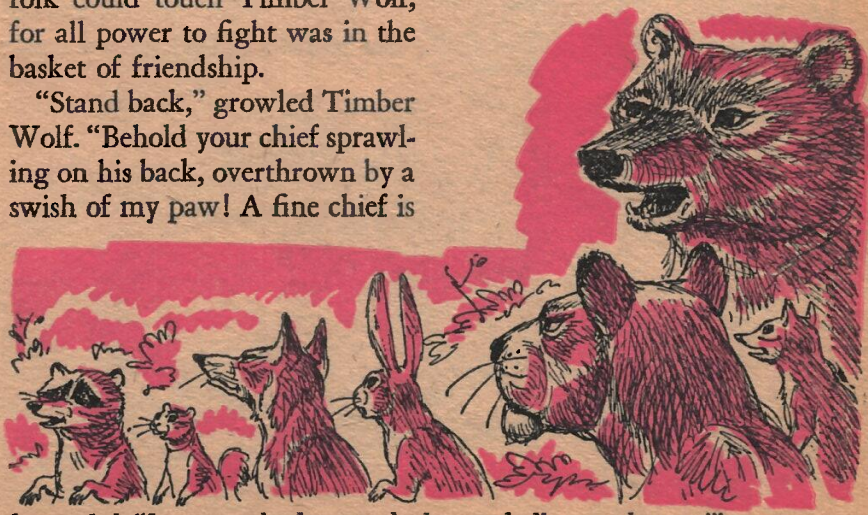
"How do you know that Bear's pouch is there and that mine is missing?" growled Timber Wolf, edging closely to the basket. "Because Turtle is chief, and Turtle is wise," came the answer.

Wolf gave a snarl and sprang at Turtle, tipping him over and throwing him upon his back on the ground. All the animals leaped toward Wolf, who turned round and round, showing his fangs. Not a fur-folk or a feather-folk could touch Timber Wolf, for all power to fight was in the basket of friendship.

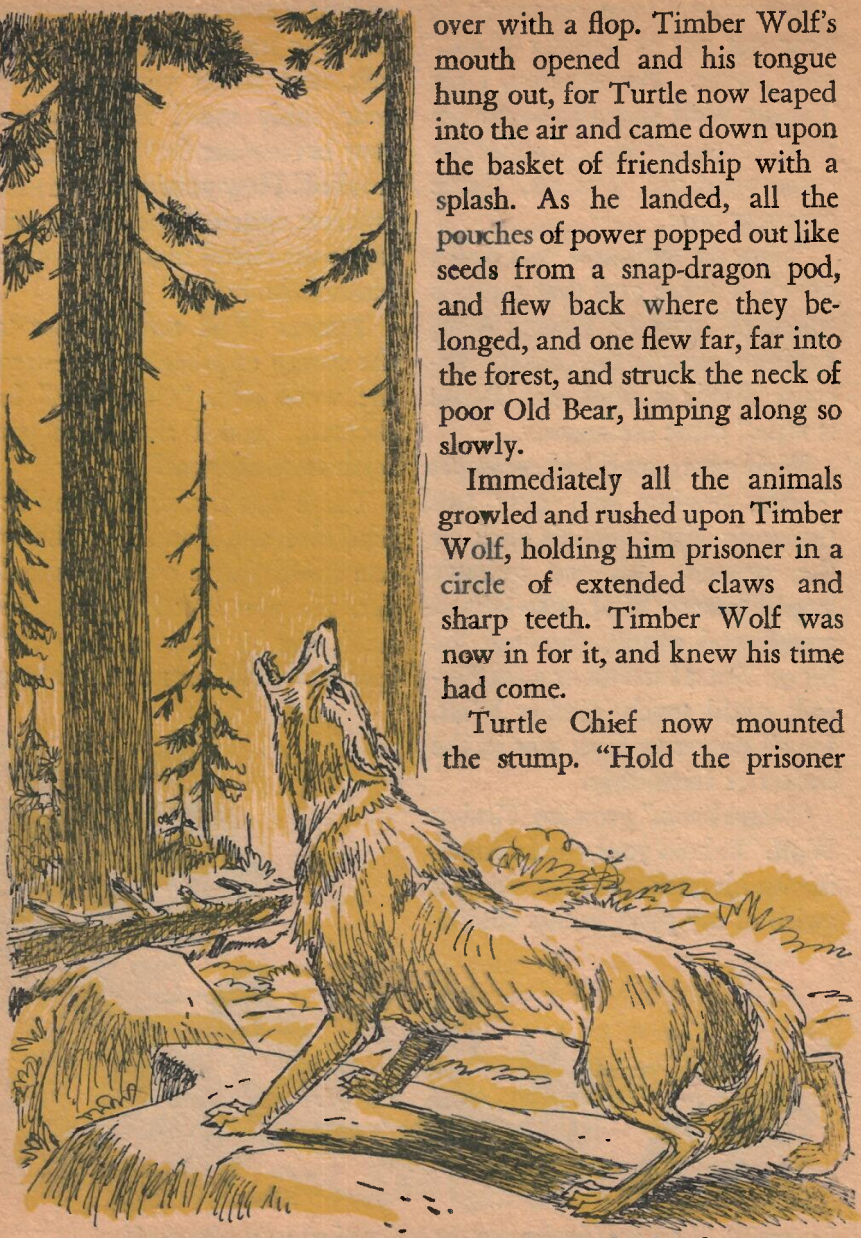
"Stand back," growled Timber Wolf. "Behold your chief sprawling on his back, overthrown by a swish of my paw! A fine chief is he. His dignity is to be admired! Oh, able leader of all the wood-folk, how neatly you spin upon your shiny shell! How yellow your breastplate, how beautifully marked! How your stubby hands and feet clutch at the air, appealing to the clouds to turn you over. Ho-hoh, ho-hoh!"

Timber Wolf now sprang to the stump and began to address the wood-folk. "Obey me," he shouted, "and I shall lead you forth to make war!"

There was a sudden sound behind him, and Timber Wolf gave one swift glance over his shoulder. He saw Turtle extend his head, dig his nose in the earth, give a twist of his neck and turn



he snarled, "I am your leader now, by law, and all must obey me!"



over with a flop. Timber Wolf's mouth opened and his tongue hung out, for Turtle now leaped into the air and came down upon the basket of friendship with a splash. As he landed, all the pouches of power popped out like seeds from a snap-dragon pod, and flew back where they belonged, and one flew far, far into the forest, and struck the neck of poor Old Bear, limping along so slowly.

Immediately all the animals growled and rushed upon Timber Wolf, holding him prisoner in a circle of extended claws and sharp teeth. Timber Wolf was now in for it, and knew his time had come.

Turtle Chief now mounted the stump. "Hold the prisoner

Trembling with fear, Wolf let out a long, despairing howl at the moon.

while I give you the great news," said he. "I have called this council to tell you that the Ongwe are coming, the mighty Ongwe Oweh, wiser than all the wood-folk."

"Who are the Ongwe that we should consider their coming?" snapped Timber Wolf from the circle.

There was a rustle and a snort. Into the council square leaped Old Bear. "Oh, chief," shouted he, "I have been greatly wronged and by trickery delayed. My power was stolen, but my magic came back to me. Still, my delay has shown me a great thing. The Ongwe are coming."

"The Ongwe!" shouted all the animals. "Who are the Ongwe?"

"I was about to tell you," shouted Turtle. "The Ongwe are men-being and they are going to hunt, and there is one whom they shall hunt because they will hate him. He is Timber Wolf."

Timber Wolf snarled and with a sudden spring leaped high over the heads of the beasts around him, and dashed for the mighty mountain, swimming the lake, skulking the brush land and then scaling the peak. Here he found refuge in a dark cave,—it was a den to his liking, for he could look down upon the council and lay his schemes against it.

"What shall we do now?" asked Turtle of the others, when the excitement had died down.

"Let us hunt Timber Wolf and force him to run the gauntlet," cried many voices.

"Let us catch him and leave none among us for the Ongwe to hate," cried others, planning to rend him limb from limb.

And so it was that all the birds and animals scattered in the forest, looking for Timber Wolf, but when night had come not one had seen him, though Timber Wolf had seen them all.

WOLF now crept into his dark cave, but drew back with a sharp cry. Before him in the darkness were two glowing eyes of evil. Some one was spying on him! He turned and fled to the mountain side, where he cowered behind a great rock, but here was a rustle, a constant rustle. Who could be here? Spies were everywhere!

Wolf now slunk along with greater caution to an open space where the moonlight fell. Here he could see his foes if any appeared. Wolf's hair rose in a shaggy crest from his neck to his tail. The

black shadow beckoned and swayed. Then there came a creak and a groan, "Djis-gaah, djis-gaah!" So came the sound, and it was a word meaning ghost! Timber Wolf now looked up at the moon and gave a long despairing howl. His whole body trembled.

"Oh, to escape this awful place!" So thought Wolf, as he crept away from the open and sought refuge behind a great pine. Here he heard a rattle and, looking down in the dim light, saw the bones of the great elk which he had stalked in the snow and slain only the winter before when the council had gathered.

The bones glinted a ghastly white in the dim light that filtered in through the branches. Timber Wolf felt a chill gripping his very marrow, and with mincing steps he crawled out from the bones pile. Again he sought the open, but no sooner had he reached the clearing than he saw a great patch of white, like a cloud, slowly moving through the open spaces. It seemed to grow large and then small and a portion waved up and down. Timber Wolf grew cold with terror and stood as if frozen to the ground. The ghostly white thing came nearer and nearer.

Wolf could not move now and his jaws grew hard. The ghost was upon him. There was a crash. He felt himself lifted high and borne away, nor could he even struggle now, for a great spear was thrust through his lower jaw and another through his hind leg. Only a faint whimper escaped from his throat as he felt himself carried on and on and on.

DOWN in the council circle a great fire blazed and all about it were the faithful fur-folk discussing the coming of the Ongwe. Suddenly Turtle Chief raised his hand.

"Some one is coming," said he. "Be still."

There was a crackling of sticks and the dashing of swift feet. Then into the glare of the light leaped the great White Stag, Timber Wolf pinned in his antlers.

"I have come," began White Stag. "I have come with the culprit who disobeyed the laws of friendship and who sought power by theft."

"Deliver him to us," shouted all the fur-folk.

"I give him to you," answered the White Stag. "Let him forever be despised and hunted. Know you that last year, when winter

The Great White Stag lives on — ghostly symbol of peace in the forest.

came, and we gathered in council, Timber Wolf took me as I slept and killed me. I am the ghost of him whom you once called the Great White Stag. I am now the spirit of this mountain and watch over it. When the moon shines over the peak you will see me leaping through the clouds and now and again leaping down the mountain side into the water."

"Oh, Great White Stag," said Turtle, "you have done a good deed. Your slayer shall be punished. When the Ongwe come we shall suffer, perhaps, but Timber

Wolf shall suffer more, for we shall call out to the Ongwe when Wolf prowls 'round."

"Begone, Timber Wolf," called out Turtle. "Know that you are hated and despised."

"I go," snarled Timber Wolf, "and I go hating all of you."

"Farewell," called out the Great White Stag, leaping into the air and up to the clouds.

The fur-folk and the feather-folk looked in amazement as their friend sped away, and as they watched, they saw him descend from the clouds and drop down upon the mountain he loved.

"He was the Great White Stag," said Turtle Chief, "but henceforth we shall call him by a new name; it shall be White Face, for it is the law of the forest that, once gone to the spirit world, the earth-name may not be used."

And so, Forever after, all the forest folk looked up to the mountain, and called out to their friend White Face, who dwelt there on its craggy heights.

When the Ongwe Oweh (Indians) came, they often saw White Face leaping from crag to crag, up in the air and down in the lake. Well did they know that their arrows never could reach him, for White Face was a ghost.

In the days when wisdom came and Ha-yo-wen-tha brought the truth, the story of White Face came to men, and then all who were Ongwe Oweh went out to hunt Timber Wolves and to kill them.

The wolves have gone from the great forest and not one ever visits the mighty mountain now, but the spirit of the Great White Stag may still be seen, for it is he who guards the mountain, the lake and the valley and brings sweet and everlasting peace.

WHY WE SAY . . . *"Eager Beaver"*

Of all animals, the beaver is probably the hardest worker. That's why we say that a person who works hard "works like a beaver." Army Air Force candidates in World War II were the first to be called "eager beavers" by a fun-minded officer who saw them working rapidly at every task. Since then, the term has been applied more often to people who go out of their way to *show* how hard they're working.

From "Why We Say," by Robert L. Morgan, © 1953 by General Features Corp.

A TIGER'S TALE

A poem by JOHN BENNETT

There was an ancient Grecian boy
Who played upon the fiddle,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,
Sometimes in the middle;
And all day long beneath the shade
He lunched on prunes and marmalade;
But what the tunes were which he played
Is certainly a riddle.

Three tigers, gaunt and ravenous,
Came from the gloomy wood,
Intent to slay the fiddler,
But his music was too good;
So round him once they filed,
Till by the melody beguiled,
They sat them softly down and smiled,
As only tigers could.

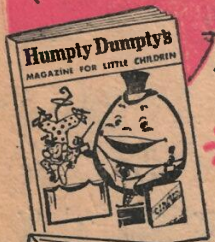
And thus beguiled, the tigers smiled
Throughout the livelong day

Until, at length, there was not left
Another tune to play.

What happened then I do not know
I was not there to see.

But when a man runs short on tunes,
Can tigers be appeased with prunes,
Or marmalade and silver spoons?
That's what perplexes me.

take your



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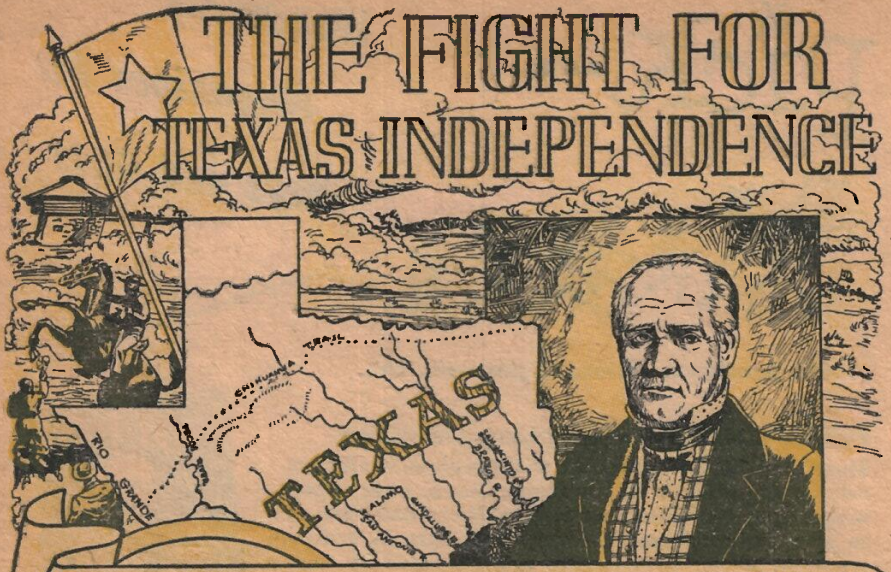
THE FIGHT FOR TEXAS INDEPENDENCE



THE STORY OF SAM HOUSTON and THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

Texas was one of the states of Mexico, when that nation won its Independence from Spain in 1821. Under the constitution of 1824, Mexico became a limited monarchy.

Santa Anna, a clever and ruthless general, soon overthrew the constitution and set himself up as dictator.

But, General Santa Anna, the constitution...

The constitution... bah! I am the government of Mexico!

There were many Americans in Texas. They didn't like dictators. They revolted, drove Santa Anna's soldiers out of San Antonio, and took control of the state.

APRIL 21, 1836

BANG! POW POW BANG POW!

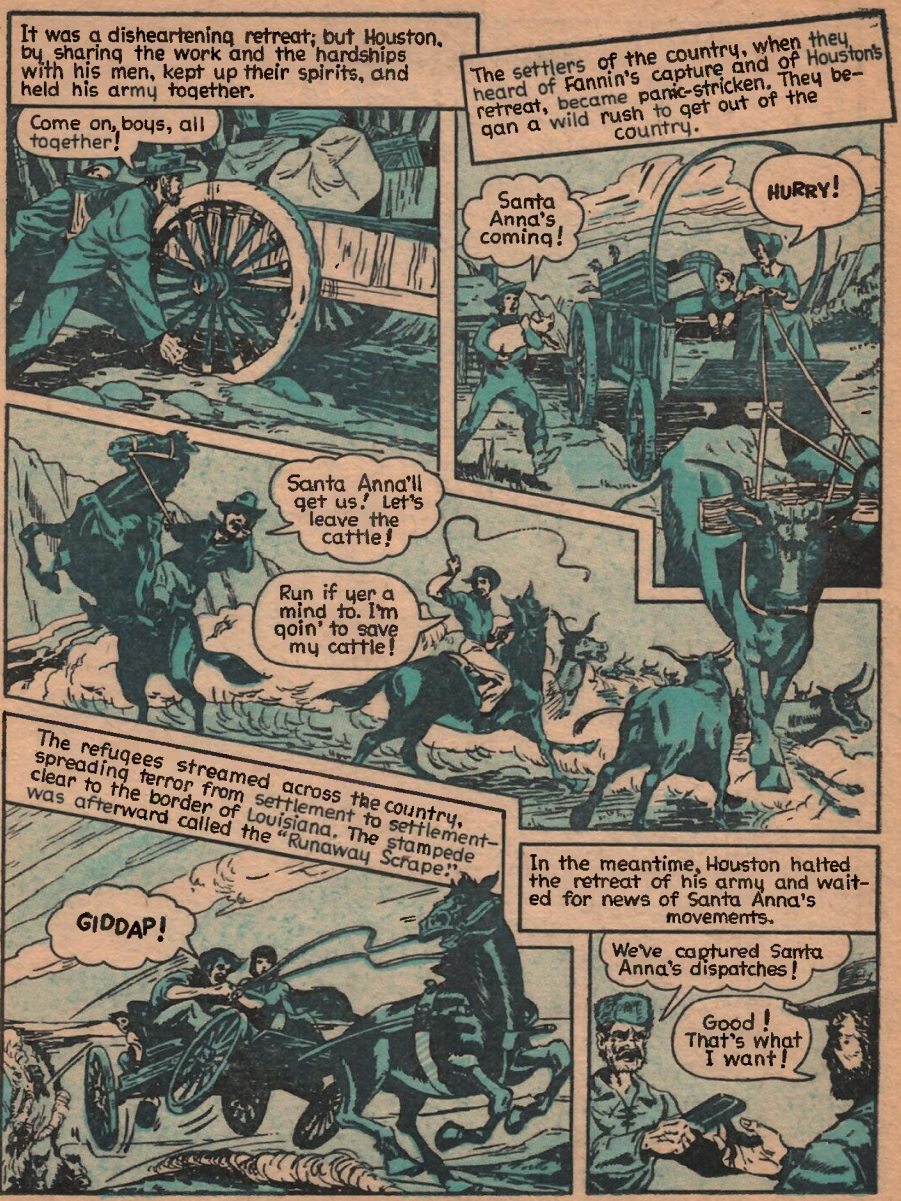
They called a convention and elected Sam Houston, Commander-in-Chief of the army.

AYE

I must organize an army at once. Santa Anna is at this moment besieging the Alamo, at San Antonio!

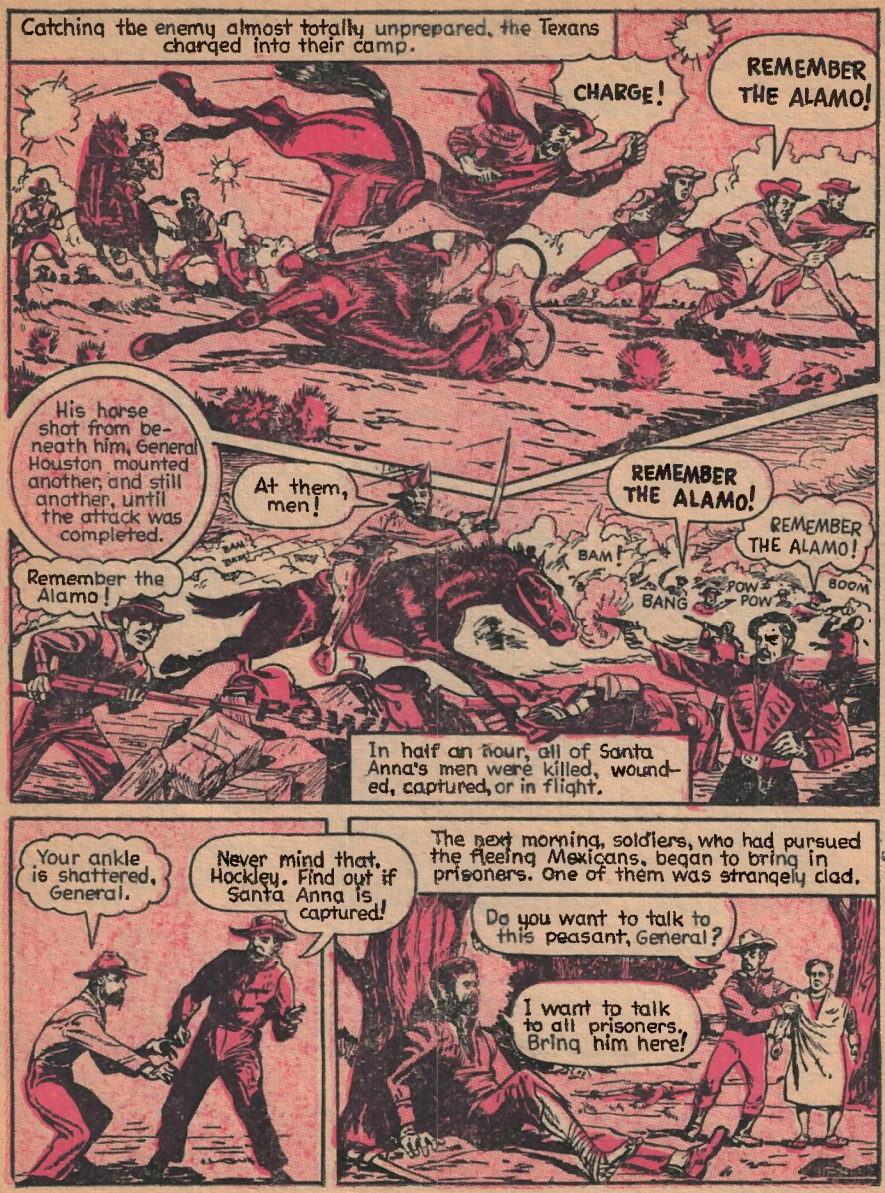
Before Houston left the convention, a messenger arrived with terrible news.
The Alamo has fallen! Every person killed!
TERRIBLE!
HORRIBLE!
150 of our men were killed.
They fought to the last man. Not a person escaped!
We'll make Santa Anna pay for the Alamo!
Remember the Alamo!
To revenge the Alamo, hundreds of volunteers joined Houston.
How soon do we start fighting?
You'll get a shot at him as soon as there are enough of us!
When do I get a shot at Santa Anna?
Another small force of Texans, under Colonel Fannin, had gathered near Goliad, Texas. Houston had ordered Fannin to delay the Mexican army coming from that direction. But a messenger came to Houston.
Fannin's been captured!
Not yet strong enough to face the enemy, Houston had to keep retreating.
We'll quit retreating when we've got enough men.
The men don't like to retreat, General Houston. There's lots of grumbling.

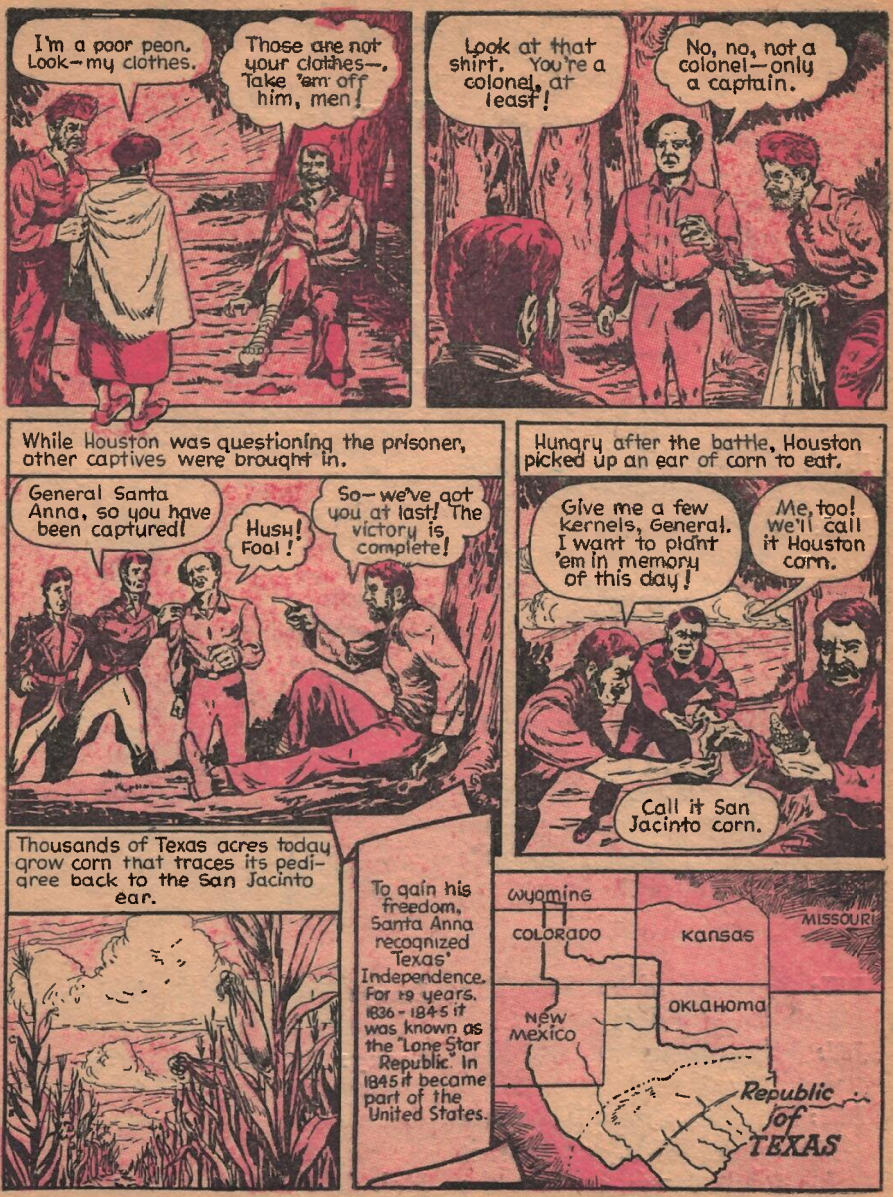
Don't believe a word of it, men! He's a spy! Arrest him!
But, I tell you—
This is some trick of Santa Anna. He sent you here!
No! I swear it. I was with Fannin. I escaped to bring this news to you!
Do you know anybody who can vouch for you?
I know your scout, Deaf Smith.
Smith, do you know this man?
Hello, Kerr, what are you doing here?
Hello, Smith! Tell General Houston I'm not a spy.
Convinced that Fannin's force had been captured, Houston had to plan quickly to save his army.
Smith, take Kerr with you and go scout Santa Anna's army. Hockley, order the men to march! We've got to retreat to the last!
Ordered to retreat again, the volunteers grumbled still more.
We don't want to run, we want to fight!
We joined up to get a shot at Santa Anna!
We'll fight when I give the word, not before!


It was a disheartening retreat; but Houston, by sharing the work and the hardships with his men, kept up their spirits, and held his army together.
Come on, boys, all together!
The settlers of the country, when they heard of Fannin's capture and of Houston's retreat, became panic-stricken. They began a wild rush to get out of the country.
Santa Anna's coming!
HURRY!
Santa Anna'll get us! Let's leave the cattle!
Run if yer a mind to. I'm goin' to save my cattle!
The refugees streamed across the country, spreading terror from settlement to settlement clear to the border of Louisiana. The stampede was afterward called the "Runaway Scrape."
GIDDAP!
In the meantime, Houston halted the retreat of his army and waited for news of Santa Anna's movements.
We've captured Santa Anna's dispatches!
Good! That's what I want!

Santa Anna has split up his army. He is headed for New Washington, with only a thousand men. We'll cross Vince's bridge and head him off.
RED RIVER
TEXAS
SAN JACINTO R.
NEW WASHINGTON
ALAMO
APRIL 18, 1836
Our retreat is ended! We are going to fight Santa Anna! I believe we can trap him at the San Jacinto River. And, soldiers, remember the Alamo!
HUZZAH!
Under cover of the night, Houston's army crossed Vince's bridge, and headed for the San Jacinto River.
Quiet in the ranks!
Hush! No noise!
The morning of April 20 found Houston in position on the ground above the San Jacinto River, where Santa Anna's men would have to come.
We're ready for them.
That afternoon the enemy came up, and were met by the fire of the Texans, who shot axheads, horse shoes and iron scraps because they were so short of ammunition. The enemy retreated.
BANG
BANG
POP
POOF
POW
POW
BANG BANG
FIRE!
POW!
BOOM
POW

Santa Anna withdrew, and camped less than a mile away. That night, Houston gave Deaf Smith a secret order.
If we destroy Vince's bridge, Santa Anna will be trapped.
Right, General. You can count on me!
All morning, while the army waited for orders to attack, Houston did nothing. At noon his officers came to him.
When do we attack?
My men are getting wild!
We've got to attack now!
We'll attack when I give the word!
Suddenly, at half past three in the afternoon, Houston gave the order to attack.
Form for the attack—and don't make any noise!
Fall in—and keep quiet!
AT FOUR O'CLOCK
Now, men, we are going to attack—but hold your fire 'til we're on the enemy. Forward!
Just as they reached the enemy camp, Deaf Smith rushed up shouting —
Fight for your lives. Vince's bridge is cut down!
Charge! Remember the Alamo!
POW!


Catching the enemy almost totally unprepared, the Texans charged into their camp.
CHARGE!
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
His horse shot from beneath him, General Houston mounted another, and still another, until the attack was completed.
Remember the Alamo!
At them, men!
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!
BAM!
BANG
POW
POW
BOOM
In half an hour, all of Santa Anna's men were killed, wounded, captured, or in flight.
Your ankle is shattered, General.
Never mind that, Hockley. Find out if Santa Anna is captured!
The next morning, soldiers, who had pursued the fleeing Mexicans, began to bring in prisoners. One of them was strangely clad.
Do you want to talk to this peasant, General?
I want to talk to all prisoners. Bring him here!


I'm a poor peon. Look—my clothes.
Those are not your clothes—. Take 'em off him, men!
Look at that shirt. You're a colonel, at least!
No, no, not a colonel—only a captain.
While Houston was questioning the prisoner, other captives were brought in.
General Santa Anna, so you have been captured!
Husy! Fool!
So—we've got you at last! The victory is complete!
Hungry after the battle, Houston picked up an ear of corn to eat.
Give me a few kernels, General. I want to plant 'em in memory of this day!
Me, too! we'll call it Houston corn.
Call it San Jacinto corn.
Thousands of Texas acres today grow corn that traces its pedigree back to the San Jacinto ear.
To gain his freedom, Santa Anna recognized Texas' Independence. For 19 years, 1836 - 1845 it was known as the "Lone Star Republic." In 1845 it became part of the United States.
WYOMING
COLORADO
KANSAS
MISSOURI
OKLAHOMA
NEW MEXICO
Republic of TEXAS

HAVE YOU

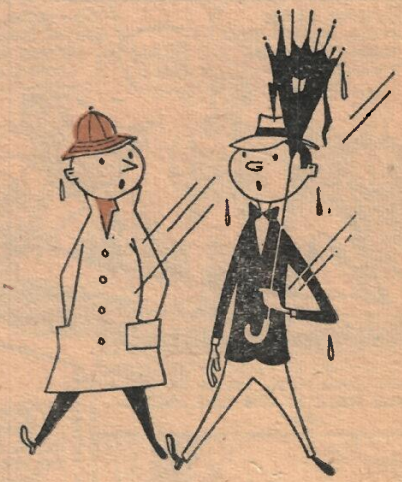
Fred: Yesterday I lit my cigar with a twenty-dollar bill.
Ned: How extravagant!
Fred: Not really. It was a bill from my dentist and I wasn't going to pay it anyway.

Willy: Did you like the second act of the play?
Nilly: I didn't see it. The program said, "Second Act, Two Years Later," and I couldn't wait.

Bill: Speaking of baseball, I've got a baseball dog.
Jill: What makes you call him that?
Bill: He wears a muzzle, catches flies, chases fowls, and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming.

Harry: What's the difference between a taxi and a bus?
Sally: I don't know.
Harry: Good! We'll take the bus.

Tim: Was it hot where you spent your vacation last summer?
Tom: Was it hot! There were no trees so we had to take turns sitting in each other's shadows!



Larry: Your umbrella looks as if it's seen better days.
Lenny: It's had its ups and downs.

Mel: Why is your cat so small?
Del: I feed him condensed milk.

HEARD THESE?

Stranger: Catch any fish?
Fisherman: Did I! I took forty out of this stream this morning.
Stranger: Know who I am? I'm the game warden.
Fisherman: Know who I am? I'm the biggest liar in the state.

Mother Lion: Junior, what are you doing?
Baby Lion: I'm chasing a hunter around a tree.
Mother Lion: How many times have I told you not to play with your food!

Marge: (answering the phone) Hello.
Voice: (at other end) Hello, is Boo there?
Marge: Boo who?
Voice: Don't cry little girl. I must have the wrong number.

Kay: Did you see those baseball stockings Hannah wore today?
Louise: Baseball stockings?
Kay: Of course. They had four big runs in them, didn't they?

Pete: A tramp came up to me and said he hadn't had a bite in two weeks.
Barbara: What did you do?
Pete: Bit him, of course.

A ragged old man and a pair of tattered sandals . . . Who would have dreamed they could change a poor urchin into a prince?

A story by MAURICE DOLBIER

Often while old Makhir slept, the boy lost himself in idle, golden dreams.

No Marvel Too Great

IN ONE OF the many tiny, twisting streets of the great city of Baghdad, there was a booth in which an old man named Makhir and a young man named Ramiz made and repaired sandals.

The sandals they made were not extraordinary, and the repairs they made were nothing to boast about, since Makhir, in his old age, found that his eyes and his fingers would not work together as they used to do, and Ramiz being young, thought sandals beneath him. (As, of course, they were when he wore them.)

The two were not kept very busy. Baghdad was full of sandal-makers, a few people who

From "The Half-Pint Jinni and Other Stories" by Maurice Dolbier. © 1948 by Random House, Inc.

needed new sandals and wanted their old ones mended felt it would be a shame to bother Makhir and Ramiz about it.

Most of the time, then, Makhir slept soundly in the rear of the booth, while Ramiz stayed awake dreaming, a few strands of leather in his hands, and gay clouds of fantasy in his brain.

As Ramiz, one day, sat thus bemused, he became aware of a dim shape that had formed behind those clouds. He blinked his eyes twice, and the last wisps of his dreams drifted away, leaving in their place a very solid man dressed in heavy blue and silver robes. The man had a long brown beard, and thick brown eyebrows with two eyes angrily flashing beneath them.

"Good morning," said Ramiz affably. "And what can I do for you?"

"Good afternoon," the man answered sourly. "You can wake up."

"Have you been waiting long?" Ramiz asked.

"To jinn and afreets," said the man, "time is a thing of no meaning and no measure. As men measure time, I have been waiting ten minutes. And, as I am a man, ten minutes is too long.

Eyes flashing, the man roared, "Mend these at once!"

Mend these sandals!" And he tossed a pair of ancient footgear into Ramiz' lap.

"If it suits your convenience," the man added, with mock politeness, bowing as he did so.

Ramiz looked at the sandals, and then at their owner.

"It might be possible to repair these sandals," he said. "However, you may take them to some

other shop. It does not suit my convenience to do business with fat-jowled tyrants who speak to me as they would speak to a slave. Good day."

The man's face grew purple, and Ramiz, with his artist's soul, perceived that this hue clashed dismally with the blue of the man's robes. He closed his eyes to preserve them from the inharmonious sight, vaguely heard a series of explosive shouts in which the words "head" and "sword" appeared with unimaginative frequency; and then dismissed the whole affair from his mind and thought of pleasant events in a possible future, with himself as a young prince married to a lovely princess, and owning forty-two large palaces.

As Ramiz dreamed on, another dim shape took form behind one of his cloud palaces. He blinked his eyes three times, and woke to find an old man, whose clothes were ragged but whose eyes were kind, standing before him, holding in his hands a pair of tattered sandals.

"Good morning," said Ramiz, "and what can I do for you?"

"I am sorry to disturb your meditations," the old man said.

"Have you been waiting long?" asked Ramiz, rubbing his eyes.

The old man shrugged.

"I do not mind waiting," he said. "The dreams of a young man are more important than the comfort of his elders. These sandals need mending, but they have needed mending for years, and they can wait, too."

Ramiz smiled.

"Neither you nor they," he said, "shall wait any longer. Your voice and your manner are friendly, and your need is apparent. I will start working on the sandals at once and mend them for you."

A THOUSAND thanks," said the old man. "And let me tell you that despite my mean apparel, which I wear because I choose and not because I must, if you mend the sandals well, I will be able to pay you as much as you ask, and more besides."

Ramiz bowed, and took the sandals.

"They will be finished in half an hour," he said. "Will you rest inside this booth until the work is done?"

"No," said the old man. "I have business at the jewelers' booth at the far end of the bazaar. I'll return at the end of the half-hour."

He turned to go, then turned

again with a friendly smile.

"One thing more," he said. "I know of no reason why anyone should be tempted to place these sandals on his feet, but if the temptation should come to you, I beg of you to resist it."

Ramiz laughed joyfully.

"I have sandals of my own, that fit me well," he said. "Have no fear of my exchanging those for these."

The old man bowed, and went on his way.

Ramiz whistled a few bars of a popular song, and got his mending tools together. He looked at the sandals and laughed again: "Have no fear!" he said. "Wear these? I should think not! Why should anyone in his right mind wear such a dirty, drooping pair of substitutes for sandals? They must be extremely uncomfortable. They've needed mending for fifty years, if they've needed it a day. How could they stay on anyone's feet?"

He threaded a needle, and picked up the left-foot sandal.

"Well," he said, "I can't do much for you. You're too far gone. But I'll do what I can for the sake of your owner, who seems to be a man with a heart of gold, even if he is poor. Or is he? He said he could pay me what I asked and more, and he had business at the jewelers, and he said he wore his ragged clothes because he wished and not because he must. Strange people one meets in the bazaar! Maybe he is a magician. Maybe . . . " and he turned the sandal over and over in his hands, "maybe these are magic sandals."

The sandals, magic or not, did not answer him.

"Yes," said Ramiz. "That's exactly what they must be. No ordinary pair of sandals, but a magic pair. Why else should I be warned not to put them on? And what would happen if I did put them on? What magic would there be in a pair of sandals? Could I take seven-league steps?"

THE thought appealed to his sense of adventure.

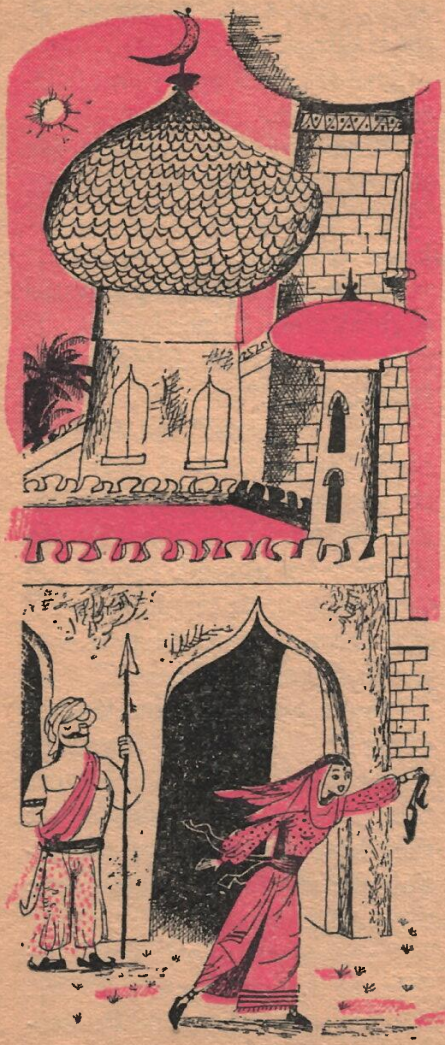
"I could travel all around the world," he said. "Why shouldn't I put them on, and see? If they're not magic, it won't matter, and if they are, who knows what wonders may befall me, what great marvels I may see and do?"

He picked up the second sandal.

"It would take less than a minute to find out," he said. And he

quickly slipped them on his feet.

No sign of magic appeared yet. He felt no differently than he had felt before. Cautiously he took a step. The step took him, not seven leagues, or five, or three, but only a step from where he had stood.



"Take these with you," she threatened angrily, "or I'll throw them out!"

"Just ordinary sandals, after all," he murmured. "And that's how all my dreams and plans turn out. I wish and wish and wish, and I'm still Ramiz the sandal-maker. If I could only be a prince, married to a lovely princess, and owner of forty-two large palaces. . . ."

"Wake up!" said a silvery voice close to his ear. "You've been dozing in the garden for half the morning, and you know the Prime Minister and his wives are coming to lunch!"

He opened his eyes.

A beautiful young woman, dressed in shimmering silver and gold, stood beside him.

"Who . . . who are you?" he asked dreamily.

The girl laughed.

"Is your mind still wandering in sleep," she said, "that you do not recognize your wife?"

"My wife?" he said. "Who am I, then?"

The girl threw out her hands in mock despair.

"The Prince of Radj-Ghazi, most powerful in the kingdom outside the Caliph himself, does not remember who he is!" she

said. "Who will dare to remind him?"

Something from his dream came back to his mind.

"I remember now," he said. "Of course, I am the Prince, and of course you are my wife . . . these things I remember . . . but, tell me, how many palaces do I own?"

"Today," she said, "you own forty-two, but as the Caliph's chief general in tomorrow's battle, you should soon own many more. Now come inside, and make ready for the Prime Minister's arrival. And, for goodness' sake, put on some decent sandals! Wherever did you get those old things? They're just awful."

THE years passed, and the young Prince of Radj-Ghazi grew older, and wealthier, and more powerful, until his power, and the cruelty with which he exercised it, made him the most feared man in the kingdom.

The Princess grew older, too, and her voice became less like silver and more like brass, and she was the only person who dared to talk back to the Prince.

One day, as the Prince was about to ride to the Caliph's palace for a conference of war, the Princess came striding down the path and stopped him as he was about to mount his horse.

"I have told you time and again," she said, "to get rid of these things."

And she held up a pair of tattered sandals.

"Whenever the closets are cleared, there they are!" she said. "They're disgraceful, and I don't know what the servants think."

"My servants are not permitted to think!" the Prince barked. "If I catch a servant thinking, I'll have his head!"

"Well, I think!" the Princess replied sharply. "And you'd better not make any threats against me. I'm tired of seeing these old things lying around. Either you take them to be repaired, or I'll give them away to the next beggar that comes to the door."

"Don't you give those sandals away!" the Prince shouted. "They're my sandals, and I know they're in terrible condition, but they have a sentimental association for me, and I won't have them given away!"

"Sentimental association!" the Princess said with scorn. "What possible sentiment could be associated with these sandals except disgust?"

"I can't remember offhand," said the Prince. "But I'll keep them if I want to!"

"If you don't take them to be mended," the Princess warned him again, "I'll give them away or throw them out. And those are my last words on the subject."

"Well," roared the Prince, "have a slave take them to the bazaar!"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't take them yourself," the Princess said. "You'll be riding through the bazaar anyway."

"And won't I look foolish haggling with some common tradesman in the bazaar?" he said.

"Are you going to do as I say?" demanded the Princess.

"Oh!" said the Prince, grabbing the sandals from her. "Oh, all right!"

And he leaped on his horse, and spurred away, in a cloud of dust,

The young man in the booth opened his eyes at last, and smiled.

"Good morning!" he said. "And what can I do for you?"

"Good afternoon," the Prince answered sourly. "You can wake up."

"Have you been waiting long?"

With a cry of farewell, the prince leaped to the saddle and sped away.

the young man asked.

"To jinn and afreets," said the Prince. "time is a thing of no meaning and no measure. As men measure time, I have been waiting ten minutes. And, as I am a man, ten minutes is too long. Mend these sandals!"

And he threw the sandals into the young man's lap.

The young man looked at the sandals, and then at their owner.

"It might be possible to repair these sandals," he said. "However, you may take them to some other shop. It does not suit my convenience to do business with fat jowled tyrants who speak to me as they would speak to a slave. Good day."

Then, while the Prince's face turned purple, and he exploded into a series of shouts in which the words "head" and "sword" appeared with unimaginative frequency, the young man closed his eyes again, and began to dream of pleasant events in a possible future, with himself as a young prince married to a lovely princess, and owning forty-two large palaces.

The Prince leaped on his horse, and dug the spurs in again, and his angry thoughts turned towards extremely violent remarks to make to the Princess who had talked him into this ridiculous spectacle, and then all his anger turned against this shabby pair of sandals that he still was holding in his right hand.

"You're responsible for all this!" he exclaimed. "Why should I make a public spectacle of myself for the sake of a pair of worthless old sandals? I'll get rid of them once and for all!"

And he flung them away with all his might.

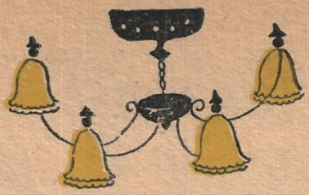
"Dear me!" said the old magician, as he deftly caught the flying footgear. "Here we go again."

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

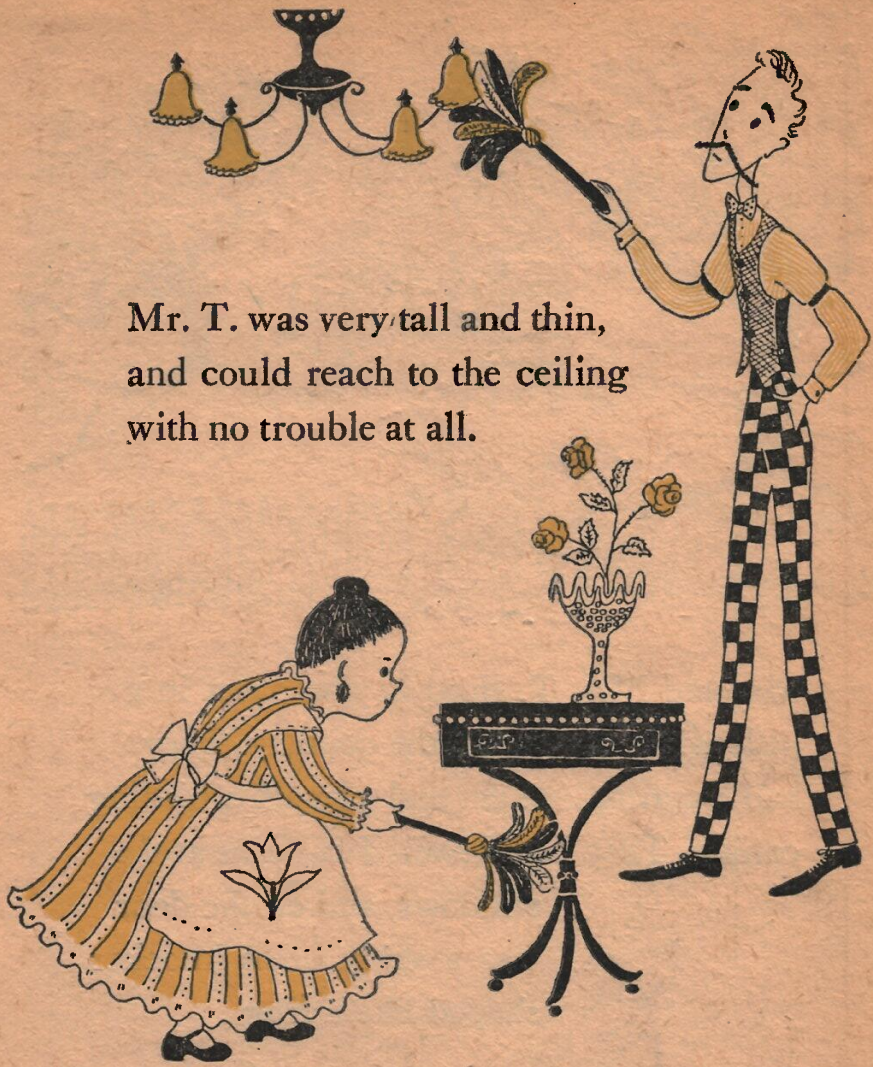
Story by CATHLEEN SCHURR *Pictures by* DOROTHY MAAS

Mr. Tumbleweed was very, very tall. But Mrs. Tumbleweed was very, very small. And they lived in a medium-sized house. Naturally this led to problems. How they solved them makes for a very amusing picture story.

From "The Long and The Short of It," © 1950 by Cathleen Schurr, pub. by The Vanguard Press, Inc.



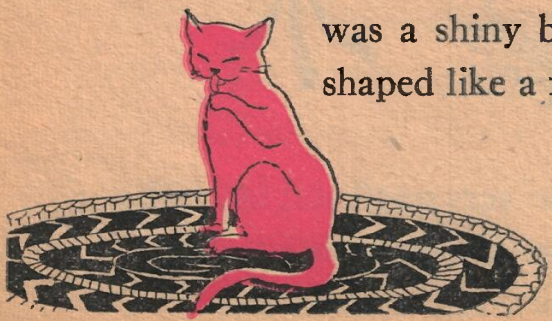
Once there was a pleasant family of two. Mr. Tumbleweed was the long of it, and Mrs. Tumbleweed was the short of it.



Mr. T. was very tall and thin,
and could reach to the ceiling
with no trouble at all.

Mrs. T. was very small and fat, and
people were always saying to her,
"How's the weather down there?"

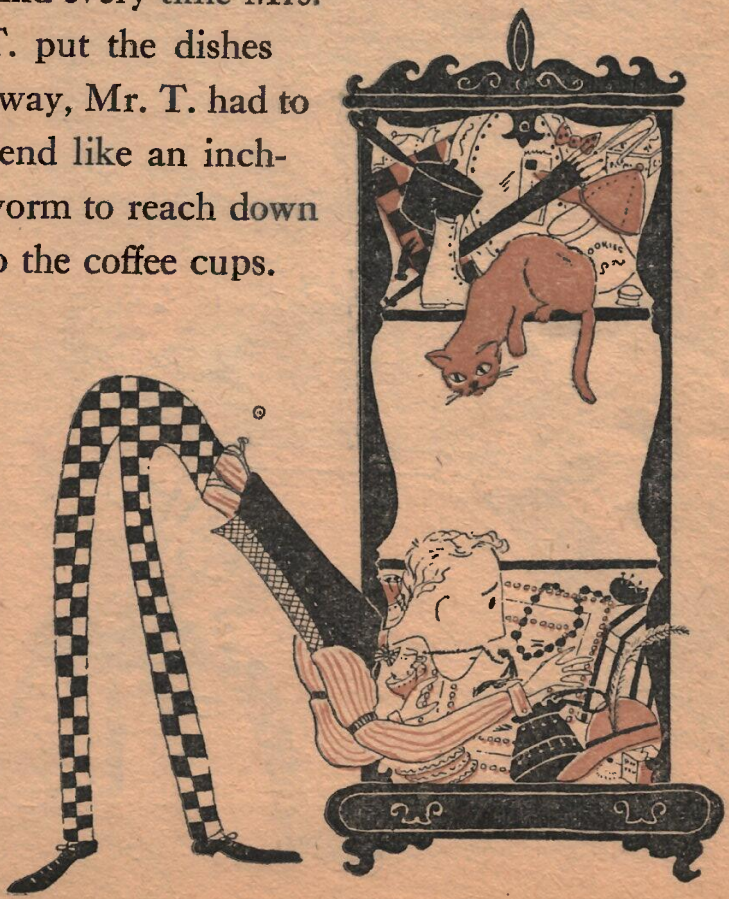
Mr. and Mrs. T. lived in one room in a little white cottage in the country. They had a marmalade cat and a small, whistling canary. They had flowered curtains at the windows, and on the door was a shiny brass knocker shaped like a frog.



Between the windows stood a big, fine cabinet with three shelves. Because he was tall, Mr. T. put everything—including his hunting cap, his socks, and his best bow tie—on the top shelf. Because she was small, Mrs. T. put everything—including her powder puff and her old pink felt hat —on the bottom shelf. But the middle shelf was very, very bare.

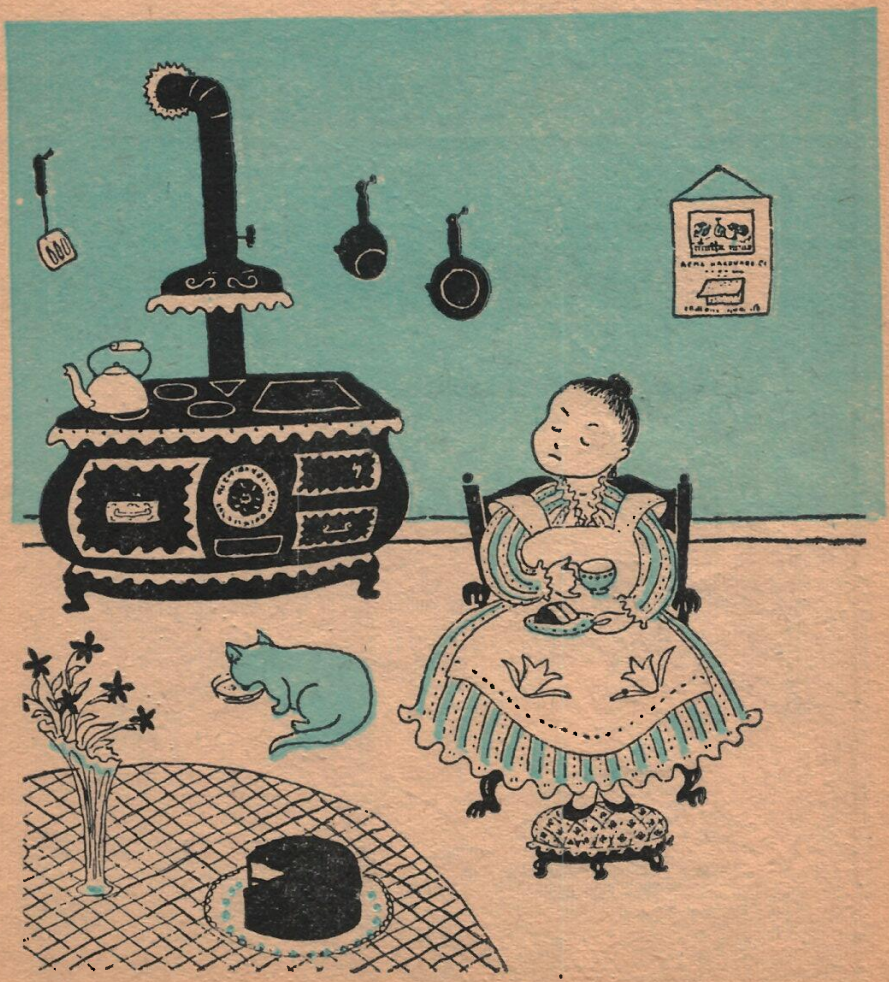
Now, Mr. and Mrs. T. were very happy together, except for one thing.
Every time Mr. T. washed the dishes and put them away, Mrs. T. had to stand tiptoe on a chair to get the saucepan.

Mr. T. hung their favorite mirror right in the middle of the *top* shelf, and all Mrs. T. could see in it was the tip of the feather on her hat. Mrs. T. put their best picture right in the middle of the bottom shelf, and Mr. T. had to twist himself around like a pretzel to have a look at it. And every time Mrs. T. put the dishes away, Mr. T. had to bend like an inchworm to reach down to the coffee cups.



So Mr. T. went around saying mournfully, "If only you were as tall as I am." And Mrs. T. would answer him, "If only *you* were as small as I am."

Then they would look crossly at each other and not speak again for several minutes.



One night Mrs. T. had a dream. She
dreamed that she had grown as tall as Mr. T.!
But when she looked at her dress,
she found that it barely came to her knees,
and the sleeves didn't even
reach her elbows.

When she wanted her old pink felt hat from the bottom shelf, she had to twist herself around like a pretzel to reach it.
"Oh dear," she groaned, "how very uncomfortable. This will never do."
So she took everything from the bottom shelf and put it on the *top* shelf.
Then the bottom and the middle shelves were very, very bare.

But in her dream the top shelf was so full that neither Mr. nor Mrs. T. could find anything. When Mr. T. reached for his socks, out came a soup plate instead. When Mrs. T. wanted her powder puff, she somehow found herself powdering her nose with Mr. T.'s best bow tie.

And, at the end of her dream, all the coffee cups fell off the shelf and broke into a hundred pieces.

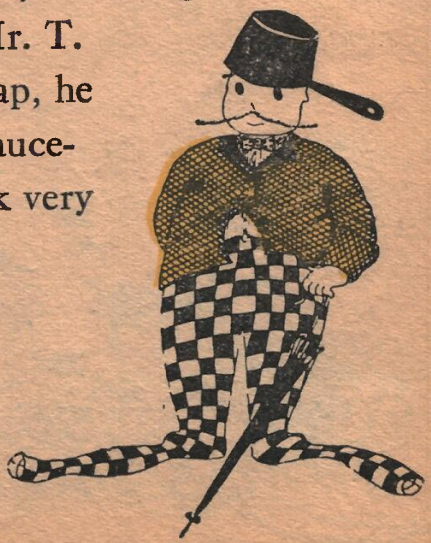
Now, Mr. T. also had a dream. He dreamed that he was as small as Mrs. T. But when he looked at his suit, he saw that the sleeves covered his hands, and the trouser legs flowed down over his shoes.

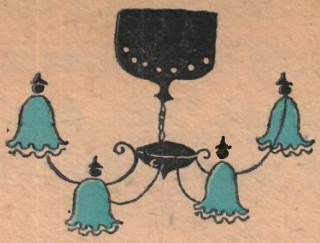
And when he tried to shave himself in front of the mirror, all he could see in it was the top of his forehead. "Dear, dear," he moaned, "how terribly uncomfortable. This will never do."

So he moved everything from the top shelf and put it on the *bottom* shelf.

Then the top and the middle shelves were very, very bare.

But in his dream the bottom shelf wasn't big enough, and everything got all mixed up. When Mrs. T. needed her hat, she could find only a little green eggcup. And when Mr. T. wanted his hunting cap, he could find only the saucepan, which didn't look very well on his head.





Presently the shelf in his dream could hold no more, and it overflowed, so that when Mr. T. came home at night he bumped his head falling over things lying on the floor.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. T. when she awoke from her dream, "it must be very uncomfortable to have to twist around like a pretzel all the time."

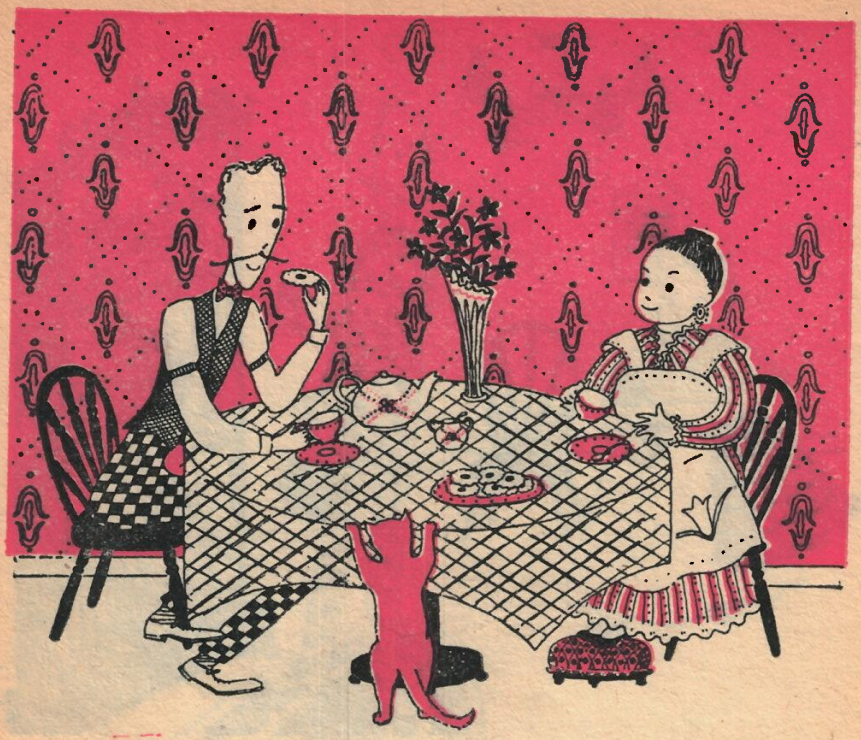
"Goodness gracious!" cried Mr. T. when he awoke from his dream, "it must be very uncomfortable to have to stand on chairs for everything."

Then they both got up and looked
at the cabinet with the three shelves.
"Why don't we use the middle
shelf?" they said at last.
"How silly of us not to have thought
of it before!"

So, very quickly, they moved most of their things, including the fly swatter, the dictionary, and the skillet, to the middle shelf. Then it was no longer bare.

And on the top shelf, Mr. T. kept only very personal things like his cigars and the medal he had won when he was a boy.

On the bottom shelf, Mrs. T. kept the things only *she* used, like her bath salts, and her bright plaid skirt.



After that, Mrs. T. had no trouble at all in reaching the saucepan, and Mr. T. had to bend only a little to get out the coffee cups, for they were all on the middle shelf.

And never again did Mr. T. say, "If only you were as tall as I am."

And never again did Mrs. T. say, "If only you were as small as I am."

For they were a very pleasant
family of two.
Mr. Tumbleweed was the long of it,
and Mrs. Tumbleweed
was the short of it.
And they shared a shelf
between them.

PUZZLE

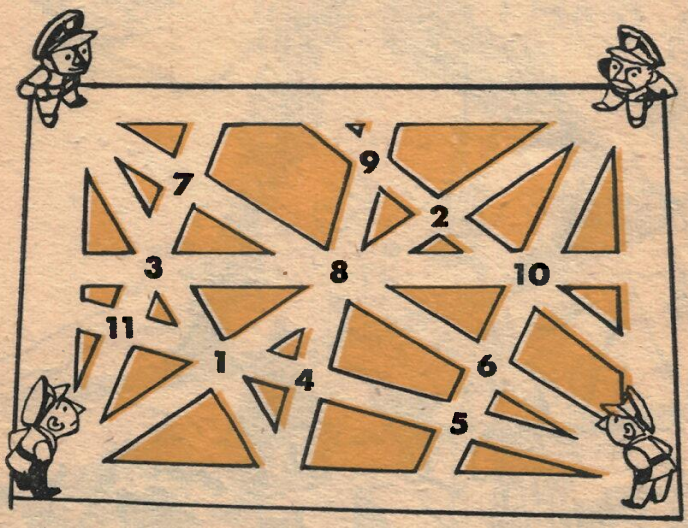
BEN FRANKLIN AT HOME

Look carefully at this picture of Benjamin Franklin spending a quiet afternoon at home. See if you can find ten things that did not exist in Franklin's day.

Answers on page 130

WHAT'S SNITE'S LINE

Mr. T. D. Snite is a very busy man who spends most of his time looking for holes and filling them up. See if you can rearrange the letters of his name so that they spell the name of his profession.



FIND THE MISSING THIEF

The map you see above shows the street corners where four policemen are standing. A thief is hiding at one of the numbered intersections where he can't be seen by any officer. At which intersection can the culprit be found?

The crowd looked on in silence as Tyll pranced on the high rope.

Here is the world-famous jester up to his old tricks again. This time his nimble brain matches wits with a whole town.

By **M. JAGENDORF**

The Tale of a Merry Dance

AS the summers and winters passed, Tyll's mind grew in wit and mischievousness. One day, when still very young, he taught his playmates and the mean fellows of the town a lesson they remembered for a long time.

It happened this way.

At the end of the street of the bright yellow- and blue-painted houses where Tyll lived, there was a river that had an old willow tree on each bank. Many an afternoon Tyll passed the hot hours

From "Tyll Ulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," © 1938 by M. Jagendorf, pub. by The Vanguard Press, Inc.

in their shade, wondering why they had been planted there, and one day he guessed at the reason.

Why, for me to string a stout rope from one tree to the other and learn to be a rope-dancer like those I've seen at the market fairs! That is a fine profession for a fellow like me. It's little work and brings good money, with which I could buy many things.

He found a rope and in the early morning hours, when all good children were still asleep and the birds were telling one another the dreams of the night, he strung it tight across from the willow on one bank to the willow on the other and practiced hard at the game. After a time he could walk across the river, high in the air, as well as anyone who walked a rope for gain or fame.

Sunday that week, soon after vespers, when all the townspeople were out along the river to breathe the fresh air, he, too, came, with his rope. He tied it across the trees, hallooing and shouting to gain the eyes of the passersby, and then he danced, skipped, leaped, and capered on it, much to the amusement of the good folk and their wives and children all gathered below.

When he had finished, he passed his little cap among the good citizens and many a one dropped in a coin or three for the pleasure Tyll had given them. He was so happy with this that he announced he would treat them to a finer spectacle next Sunday.

Now, many of Tyll's playfellows looked on with green envy. They were jealous because he had gained money and fame, while they had neither. So they decided to clip his wings a little by spoiling his trick the next time.

SUNDAY after vespers came, and so did Tyll, true to his promise. But while he was tying the knots tightly, one fellow cut the rope, but only half through.

Tyll mounted and began dancing. No sooner had he taken the first leap than the rope broke and he fell into the water.

Tyll came ashore all wet, and everyone laughed and jeered, especially those who had caused his fall.

They shouted:

"Ho, there trickster! Where to? To teach the fish in the river to dance? Ho, ho, ho! Look at him now, he who would be more clever than the rest of us!"

Tyll shook himself like a dog

Illustrations by EMIL WEISS

What a mad scramble as Tyll emptied his apron and the sky rained shoes!

and said to the jeering cowards who were running away in fear of a beating from him:

"Don't run so fast! Don't be afraid! Come next Sunday. I'll dance again and share with you the money I earn."

That Sunday after vespers all the scamps of the town who knew Tyll, and many who did not, came to share his profits. They strung the rope for him and guarded it like a treasure so that no mishap would come to it. All the townspeople were there, too.

Tyll, dressed this time with cap and bells and wearing a leather apron, was all ready. But before climbing on the rope he spoke:

"Give me your shoes and I promise to dance with them no matter how large or small they are. If I don't you may have all the money I earn; if I do, you get none."

"How can he dance on a rope with shoes that do not fit him?" they said among themselves. "We will give him our shoes and take all his money. You can have our shoes," they shouted, and each and every one already heard the jingling of the coins in his leather bag.

Off went the shoes and Tyll took them and put them in his

leather apron. Then he climbed up on the rope.

"Let us see your trick," they said.

"You'll see it soon enough," he replied.

So they did, but not the kind they had expected. For with the shoes in his apron, not on his feet, Tyll began hopping and leaping and dancing. The shoes tumbled and tossed up and down until they were all mixed up, helter-skelter.

"HO, there," shouted the boys, "you have lost your bet. We knew you were boasting and couldn't dance with our shoes. We get all the money."

"And what am I doing with your shoes, if not dancing with them? Blind moles! I said I would dance *with* them; I did not say I would dance *in* them. Am I not dancing with them right now?" He leaped high up, tossing the shoes even higher and catching them back in his apron.

"What do I see now?" he cried. "Eyes popping like frogs? If you don't like your wager, it's not too late to call it off. Here, take your shoes—" and he flung the apron full of shoes helter-skelter onto the green grass.

Then young Tyll leaped down and ran off before anyone could see him. For a whole week he kept to his house, because those on whom he had played this trick were waiting to catch him and pay him back in kind. But, alas for them, they never did.

LET'S PLAY UMBRELLA BOUNCE

FOR this game you need an umbrella and a small rubber ball. Open the umbrella and place it upside-down on the floor (make sure it's in an open, clear area). Players stand about ten feet away and take turns trying to bounce the ball into the umbrella.

The ball must bounce *once* on the floor, then must land inside the umbrella and *stay there*. It's not easy! The winner is the first one who gets the ball to land in the umbrella ten times.

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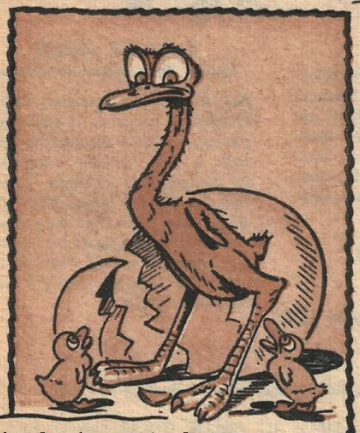
THE UGLY

ONE TIME AN OSTRICH LAID AN EGG IN A DUCK'S NEST BY A LAKE...

THE DUCK THOUGHT SHE HAD MADE AN AWFUL BIG MISTAKE!



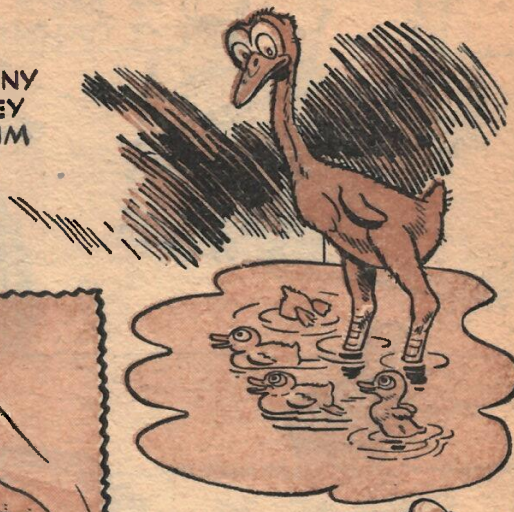
AND WHEN THE DUCKLINGS SAW THE OSTRICH THEY COULD ONLY STAND AND STARE, 'CAUSE WHEN HE CAME FROM OUT THE EGG, HE WAS COMPLETELY BARE!

BUT OF COURSE THE LITTLE OSTRICH COULDN'T SEE HIMSELF, SO HE THOUGHT HE WAS A DUCKLING AND WAS HAPPY AS COULD BE

OSTRICH

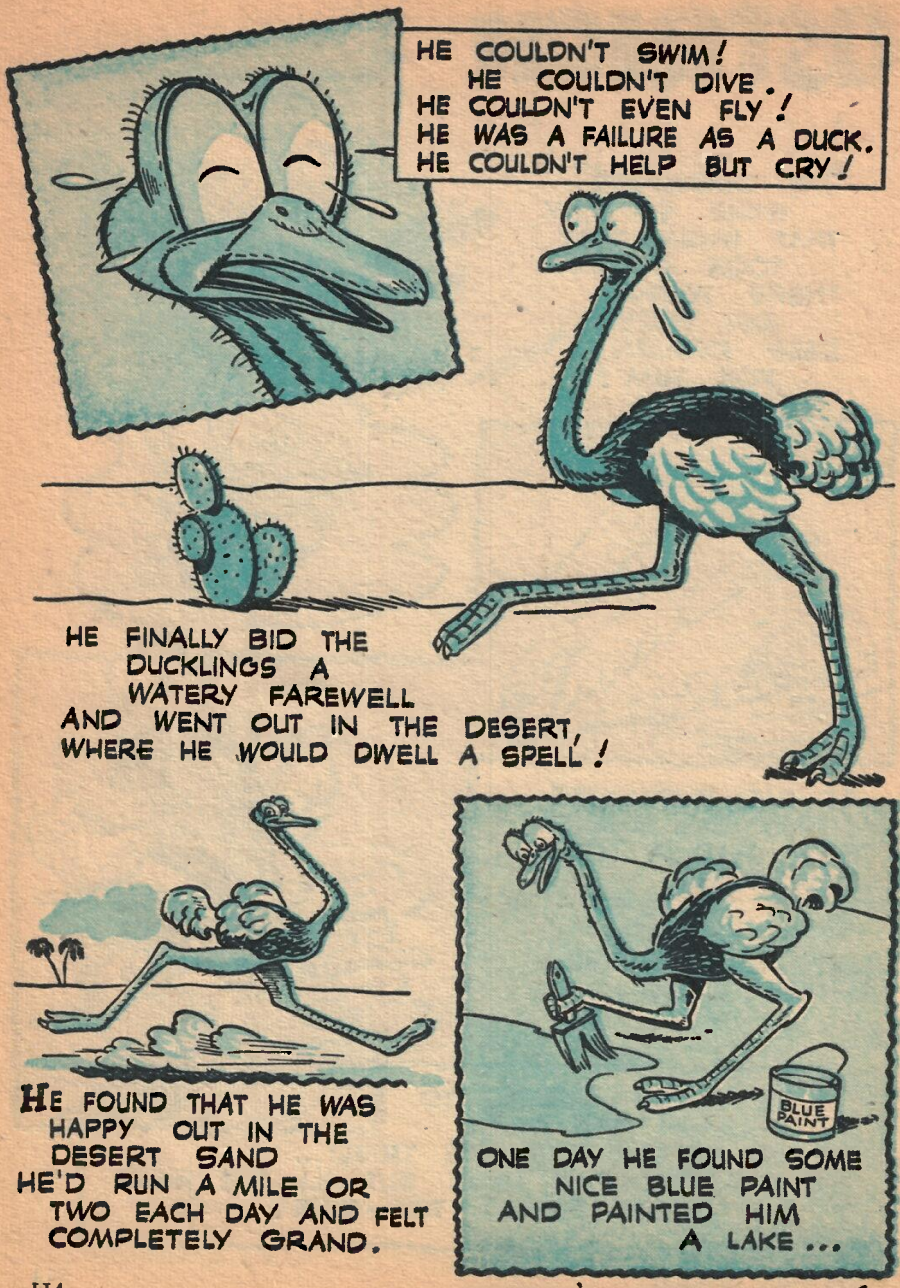
by GEORGE ANDREW CORLEY / AFRICA

THE DUCKLINGS WERE SO TINY THAT WHEN THEY TOOK A SWIM THERE WASN'T ANY WATER DEEP ENOUGH FOR HIM!

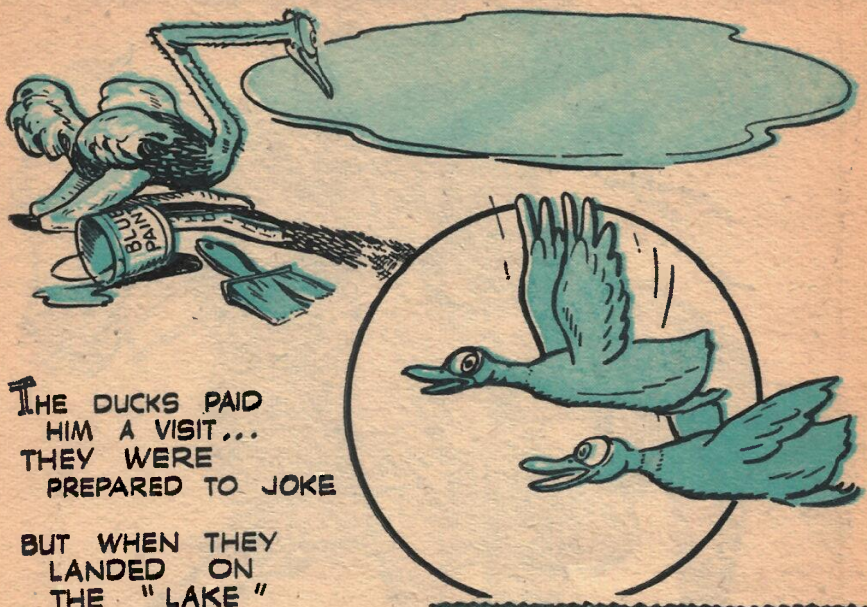


AS THE DUCKLINGS GREW STILL BIGGER THEY HAD A LOT OF FUN TRYING TO TEACH THE OSTRICH JUST HOW A DIVE WAS DONE ...

HE NEVER SEEMED TO LEARN THE TRICK NO MATTER HOW HE TRIED... HE'D DUCK HIS HEAD BUT ALL THE WHILE HIS BODY STAYED TOP-SIDE!

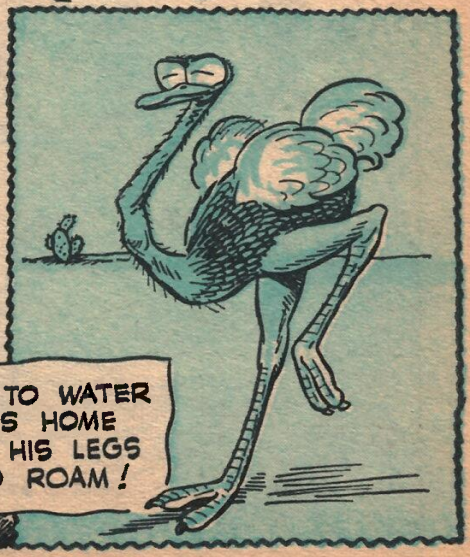

HE COULDN'T SWIM!
HE COULDN'T DIVE.
HE COULDN'T EVEN FLY!
HE WAS A FAILURE AS A DUCK.
HE COULDN'T HELP BUT CRY!
HE FINALLY BID THE DUCKLINGS A WATERY FAREWELL AND WENT OUT IN THE DESERT, WHERE HE WOULD DWELL A SPELL!
HE FOUND THAT HE WAS HAPPY OUT IN THE DESERT SAND
HE'D RUN A MILE OR TWO EACH DAY AND FELT COMPLETELY GRAND.
BLUE PAINT
ONE DAY HE FOUND SOME NICE BLUE PAINT AND PAINTED HIM A LAKE ...

IT LOOKED SO REAL NO ONE WOULD GUESS THAT IT WAS JUST A FAKE...



THE DUCKS PAID HIM A VISIT... THEY WERE PREPARED TO JOKE

BUT WHEN THEY LANDED ON THE "LAKE" THEIR FEET BEGAN TO SMOKE!



SO THE DUCKS FLEW BACK TO WATER AND THE OSTRICH MADE HIS HOME OUT IN THE DESERT WHERE HIS LEGS WOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO ROAM!

From "Adventures on Horseback," copyright 1954 by Louis Wolfe,

Here's an exciting true adventure about a daring rider who galloped to glory against overwhelming odds

by **LOUIS WOLFE**

Little Aubry: Flying Horseman

ON a warm September night Felix Aubry stood at the bar in a packed tavern in Santa Fe, New Mexico and challenged, "I can ride from here to Independence in six days, and I'll bet a thousand dollars I can do it."

A roar of laughter rumbled through the smoke-filled room and shook the lamps hanging from the ceiling. Old plainsmen, bull-whackers, buffalo hunters and trappers quickly gathered around Little Aubry, as he was

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Illustrations by CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

"I'll bet I can do it!" shouted Aubry, his face flushed with anger.

called. They looked the young French Canadian up and down skeptically. Only five feet two inches tall, he had just turned nineteen in that year of 1848. They knew him to be a crack rider, one of the best in the Southwest. But this time they figured he was talking through his black sombrero.

A bullwacker lumbered over, threw his arm around Little Aubry and drawled, "My boy, it takes an ox team three months to travel from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri."

"And it takes most riders on horseback twenty-four days to cover those eight hundred miles of wild country," a trapper added. "How in tarnation will you do it in six?"

"Last year," Aubry shot back, "I made it on horseback in twelve days, and later I cut that record down to eight."

"Yup, we know all about that, Little Aubry," an old-time buffalo hunter agreed, "and that was good ridin', mighty good. But six days! Six days! No man can do it in that time."

The tavern keeper joked, "Little Aubry, we know you'd sooner

ride than eat. But now you're talking about flying, not riding."

Again they all roared with laughter. But Aubry's dark eyes flashed fire and his small black beard bristled. "I still say I can make it in six days, and I'm backing it up with a bet of a thousand dollars. Any takers?"

The hubbub in the place stopped short. The tinny piano was silent. Everybody there liked Little Aubry, but now he was giving them a chance to win money, easy money. "I'll take some of it," a gambler blurted. "So will I," a trapper seconded him. "Count me in," barked a buffalo hunter. "Me, too," added another. Now the room buzzed with talk of bets. The men bet their hats and boots and sombreros, as well as their tens and twenties, that Aubry would never make the ride from Santa Fe to Independence in six days.

The very next morning Aubry started making plans for his daring "it-can't-be-done" ride. He had traveled the Santa Fe trail many times, and he knew all the landmarks, rivers, springs and Indian hideouts. He knew how to skirt the danger spots. But he was leaving nothing to chance. He remembered what happened on his last record smashing ride.

On that ride five men started out with him, but the killing pace forced them to drop out. Aubry himself was tortured by fatigue and lack of sleep. Two mules and three horses cracked up under him. For three days he went without food, and once he had to walk forty miles.

ON this trip Aubry planned more carefully to avoid the many dangers. This time he would ride alone, but with relays of horses to keep him supplied with fresh mounts along the way. A week before he left, he sent out four men with orders to pitch camp at certain points and have horses ready to go the instant he arrived. One of the horses was Dolly, Aubry's favorite mare whose brown eyes sparkled with dash and fire. Because of hostile Indians, relays could not be stationed along much of the trail. Aubry planned to ride through those parts driving a few horses ahead of him and to change over whenever his mount fagged out.

By the time Aubry was ready to start out, everybody in Santa Fe talked and argued about nothing else but the ride. Women gossiped about his boldness. Chil-

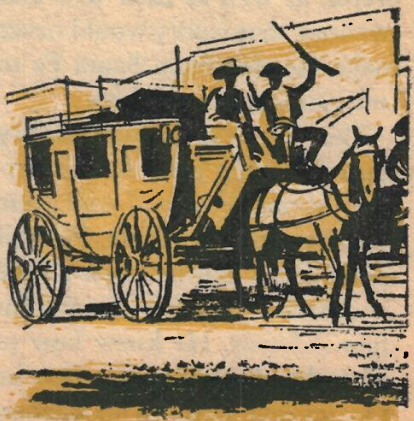
dred, pretending they were mounted on horses, galloped through the streets, yelling. "Here comes Aubry! Here comes Little Aubry!" The local newspaper, the Santa Fe Republican, ran headlines and stirring articles about the famous rider. In fact, on the day he left it issued a special edition for him to take along. In it the editor wrote: " . . . We wish him a safe trip, as we would be happy to see our country settled by such men as Mr. Aubry. . . . We could not be surprised to hear that Mr. Aubry has made the quickest trip this time that ever was made."

EARLY on a Tuesday morning the sun was just spraying its first yellow rays over the nearby hills as Little Aubry jogged across the town square. In the distance a cock crowed and a donkey brayed. Most of the townsfolk still slept, and only a few bullwhackers, trappers, scouts and one newspaperman turned out to see him off. Wearing a fringed buckskin outfit, Aubry held a tight rein while his peppery mustang reared up and pawed the air.

When everything was ready, the newspaperman and the others gathered in close, reached up and shook Aubry's hand. "Lots of luck," one drawled. "Hope you make it," another added.

Aubry pulled his sombrero down tight. "Don't worry, I'll make it," he said, as he dug in his spurs and started eastward.

Out on the open trail Aubry leaned low, gave his horse free rein and sped up and down hills, across shallow streams, over arroyos and past gaunt peaks. Only one thought echoed through his mind: Make time . . . hurry. Make time . . . hurry. On and on he traveled, mile after mile, driving himself and his horse with the least possible letup until he had covered ninety miles and reached Las Vegas. There Aubry quickly mounted a fresh horse and dashed off again.

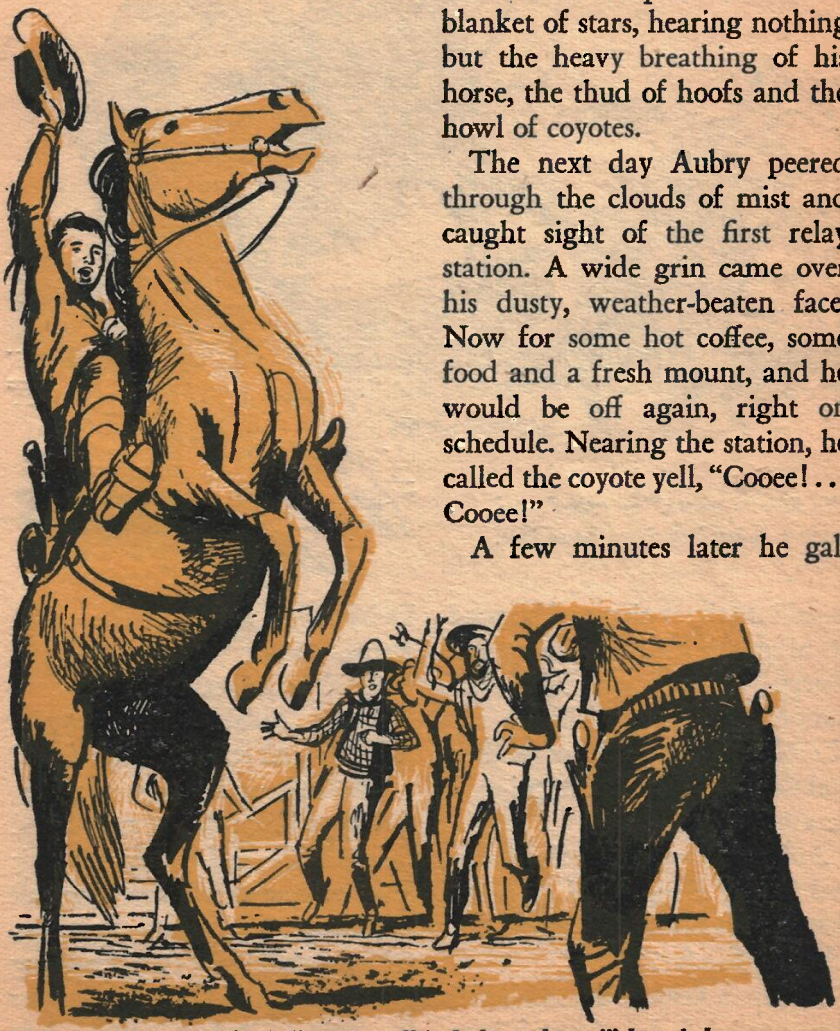


With a wave of his sombrero, he reined

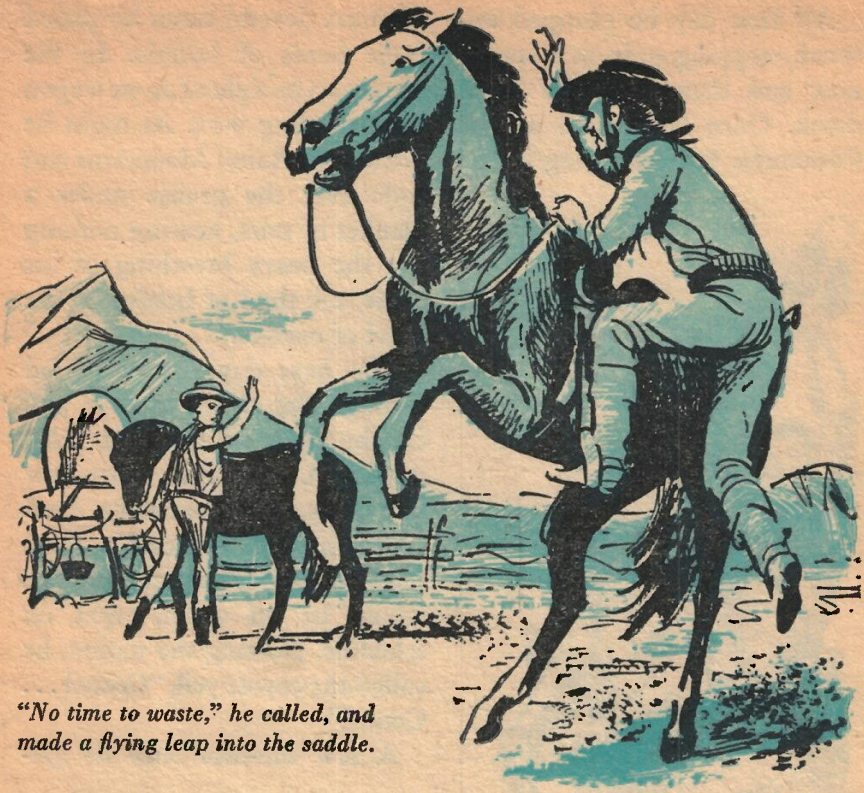
All that day he plunged onward, stopping only at a spring now and then to let his horse drink. Once he spotted several Comanche Indians riding in the distance. Several times he passed huge herds of buffalo. In the afternoon he sighted an ox wagon train heading west. At night he skirted the Raton Mountains and rode over the prairie under a blanket of stars, hearing nothing but the heavy breathing of his horse, the thud of hoofs and the howl of coyotes.

The next day Aubry peered through the clouds of mist and caught sight of the first relay station. A wide grin came over his dusty, weather-beaten face. Now for some hot coffee, some food and a fresh mount, and he would be off again, right on schedule. Nearing the station, he called the coyote yell, "Cooee!... Cooee!"

A few minutes later he gal-



his peppery mustang high. "See you all in Independence!" he cried.



"No time to waste," he called, and made a flying leap into the saddle.

loped into the station and jumped off his panting horse. The man in charge jumped up from the campfire and handed him a cup of coffee and a chunk of broiled buffalo meat. "How's it going?" he asked.

Aubry gulped down the coffee and bit off a mouthful of meat. Between swallows he answered, "All right so far."

The man yanked the saddle off the sweating horse, threw it over Dolly and fastened the girth straps. "How about resting a while?" he suggested.

Aubry filled his cup again. "Rest! I can't rest . . . got no time."

The instant Dolly was ready, Aubry swung into the saddle and rode off. On and on he drove his favorite mare. All morning, all afternoon and far into the night, with astonishingly few breathing spells, rider and horse flew across the prairie, Aubry leaning low

and Dolly stretching her legs out in mighty leaps. For the first time the lack of rest and sleep gnawed deep into Aubry's stamina. His body cried out for a letup. But he only peered ahead and gritted his teeth. He would not stop for anything. He was going to set a new record and win that bet—or die in the saddle.

By Thursday morning Aubry was eating up distance across the Cimarron in Oklahoma territory. Soon he would arrive at the relay station. His eyes kept closing in spite of himself, so he put tobacco juice in them. The sting kept them open. Two hours later he crossed over into Kansas and arrived at the relay station. But there was no horse! No campfire! Only a few charred embers that were still smoking. The ground was torn up as if there had been a fight. Near-by sprawled the body of the man in charge. His scalp was gone. Aubry shook his head and muttered, "Injuns."

Then he turned and gazed at Dolly. She was heaving and puffing. Sweat rolled down her sleek hide and globs of foam dripped from her mouth. Could she make it to the next station? The last lap added to this one ahead would total about two hundred miles! Aubry loved that mare, but he had to ride on. Dolly turned her head and nickered as he climbed into the saddle. They started out over the Kansas flatlands.

Now Aubry's battle against fatigue grew tougher and tougher. His body ached and he longed for a rest. Tobacco juice or no tobacco juice, his eyes kept closing. Again and again he fell asleep in the saddle, swayed from side to side and tumbled to the ground. Finally, he managed to stay on his mount only by strapping himself to the saddle and letting Dolly pick her way over the trail as he dozed. The gallant mare stumbled and staggered ahead, but she never quit until she had reached the relay station. Faithful Dolly had covered about two hundred miles in twenty-six hours!

THIS relay station was the last. It was about four hundred and fifty miles from Independence and right at the edge of dangerous Indian country. From here, all the way to Fort Mann, Aubry would have to take his replacement horses along with him. Wasting no time, he snatched a bite to eat, mounted a fresh horse and drove three others before him.

As usual, Aubry spared neither himself nor his mounts. He raced through chilling rains and over soft sands. After wearing out one horse, he abandoned it on the prairie and saddled and rode another. He drove the last horse ahead at such breakneck speed that the animal cracked up before reaching Fort Mann, the next stopping place.

Such luck! It was already Saturday and Aubry was miles from a settlement—on foot. His body was tortured by pain, his head pounded for the want to sleep, his eyelids felt as heavy as lead. But he did not hesitate an instant. He hid his saddle and blanket under some brush and started walking. Through high grass and sandy wastes he trudged for twenty miles until he reached the Arkansas River and started to swim across. He was so weak that once the current swept him far downstream. Once he was sucked under. But after a desperate struggle he managed to get to the other side.

When he reached the opposite bank, he slumped to the ground and lay sprawled out in the mud. A few minutes later he struggled to his feet and limped on to Fort Mann. Even though his face was caked with mud and blood oozed from under his buckskin jacket, he looked for a horse so that he could start out right away. But no horse was on hand just then, so Aubry decided to take a nap, the first real sleep he had had in five days. Two hours later, a fresh horse was brought in and he was awakened. As soon as the animal was saddled, he mounted, strapped himself fast and galloped off.

LATE that night he cantered into Council Grove. It was the last stop before Independence, which was one hundred and fifty miles, or a twenty-four-hour ride away. That last lap, Aubry thought. Could his dog-tired body stand any more punishment? The folks at Council Grove were sure he would kill himself if he carried on and urged him to give up this mad race against time. His feet dragged and his arms hung limp as if paralyzed. His tired-eyed face was wrinkled and haggard. But Aubry flatly refused to quit and insisted that they lift him to the saddle and strap him fast.

On that last bitter lap, luck turned against the tough little rider. Black clouds darkened the

sky and a driving rain spilled down. Rain and more rain drenched both rider and horse. Aubry could barely see twenty yards ahead. Soon the trail oozed with mud, and for mile after mile his mount sank almost knee-deep with each step.

But just as Aubry crossed over the border into Missouri, he ran into a trapper who gave him some hot coffee and traded horses. Even though he was faint from exhaustion, Aubry urged his fresh horse on and tried to make up for lost time. Along most of the trail, however, the horse traveled ahead on his own.

Late Sunday night — several hours before the six-day deadline was up!—rider and horse arrived in Independence. Aubry's semi-conscious body slumped in the saddle as the horse jogged through the dark streets and stopped at a hitching post in front of the Noland House. The night clerk saw the horse and his half-dead rider and ran down the porch steps to take a closer look. When he pushed the rider's head up to see who it was, he gasped, "It's Aubry! It's... Little Aubry!"

In no time lights were flickering in different parts of the hotel and in near-by houses. Half-dressed men dashed out to see what all the excitement was about. Soon a group of them stood around Aubry and fired

Slowly and painfully he dragged his exhausted body toward the river bank.

As the weary rider slumped in the saddle, men rushed to help him.

one question after another at him. For a few minutes he did not answer. Then he opened his eyes and whispered, "Just . . . rode in from Santa Fe . . . left there Tues . . . day . . . took only . . ." He fell forward unconscious, his head resting on the horse's neck and his arms hanging limp.

Gently the spectators loosened the straps and lifted Aubry from the saddle that was caked with blood. They carried him into the hotel and laid him on a bed to rest his exhausted body. All that night the men stayed up and talked about the ride. It was hard to believe. From Santa Fe to Independence in less than six days! They would have called the whole thing a fake if it had been anyone else but Aubry.

Several hours later, Aubry awoke, washed up and ate heartily of ham and eggs and coffee, his first decent meal in a week. Then he told the fascinated audience that clustered around him how he had won the thousand dollar bet and set a new record. Everyone sat with eyes popping and mouth wide open as he described how he had ridden almost eight hundred miles in five days

and sixteen hours — averaging about one hundred and forty miles a day. He had slept only two hours, eaten only six meals and had had six horses drop under him from exhaustion.

After hearing all this, one old-timer slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "By golly, I'll remember this as long as I live!"

Aubry did not stay long at the Noland House. He had other business to attend to. Feeling like his old self again, he boarded a steamer and went to St. Louis. There he delivered the special edition of the Santa Fe Republican to the editor of the St. Louis Republican.

Within a short time everyone in the Southwest knew of Little Aubry's amazing ride. It was called "the fastest ride on record" and "the greatest ride in history." Aubry was a hero! Newspapers ran glowing accounts of his exploits. Steamboats and streets were named after him. So were race horses, river crossings and new-born babies. Felix Aubry's name has lived and will live forever in history, especially when men talk of horses and perseverance and courage.

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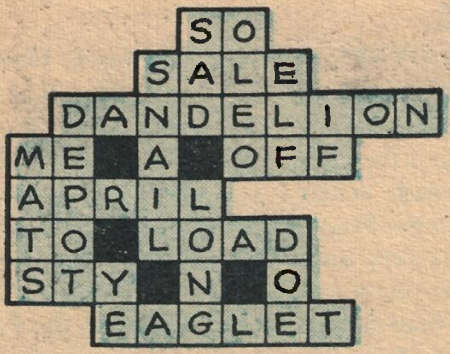

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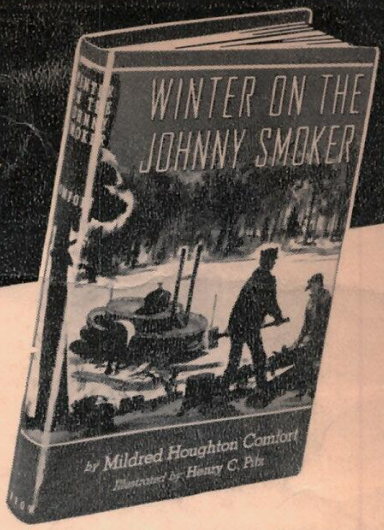

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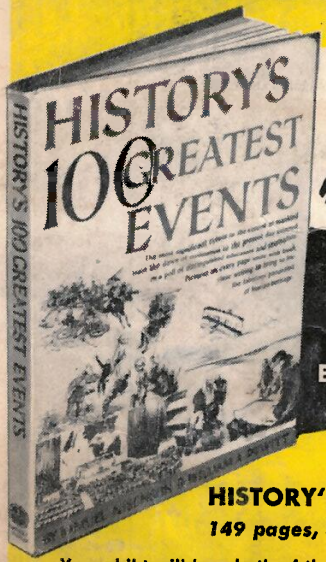

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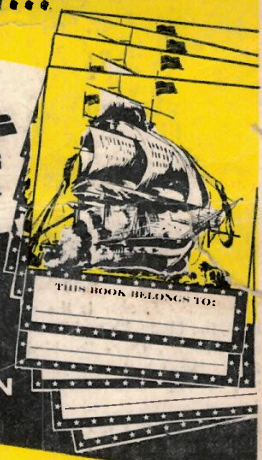

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